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A WAR ZONE GADABOUT



THE AUTHOR IN RUSSIA

A WAR ZONE GADABOUT

Being the Authentic Account of
Four Trips to the Fighting Nations
During 1914, '15, '16

BY
WALTER AUSTIN

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By WALTER AUSTIN

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PREFACE

Gadabout — one who travels without any business. — *March's Thesaurus.*

THIS book contributes to the already large bibliography of the Great War little new or important information. It is the solitary diary of a solitary tourist without skill in the graphic arts — the plain tale of one who went forth to see and hear of the happenings of the World War as the lone sightseer might — to compare and contrast them. The writer thinks that, in his four different visits to the warring nations in the course of twenty-six months, he has had more opportunity to note contrasts than most of those who have previously written of the conflict. They have had to stay generally at fixed posts and of necessity have seen the conflict from one angle. The writer, being a mere gadabout tourist, able to go wherever his fancy led and the powers that be permitted, has had the good luck to see it, although only briefly and superficially, from several angles. Therein lies the principal difference between this and other books which have told of the War. For the same reason there will not be found here first-hand accounts of fighting. Richard Harding Davis once wrote a book — “The West from a Car Window.” This might be called “The War Game from the Bleachers,” for most

of these observations of the sanguinary struggle have been made from an equally remote coign of vantage.

During each of my four trips to the warring nations, I was always looking about for other vocationless gentlemen of large leisure. But though many traveled, few were tourists. In fact all had business — soldiers, statesmen, war-correspondents, doctors, priests, nurses, salesmen, refugees foraging for food and shelter. I alone was “traveling about without any business.” And I doubt if there is today one to dispute with me the title under which these pages appear. If such there be, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

Some have challenged my presumption in intruding where I had no business and was likely to find scant welcome. I can only retort that I always tried to “do my bit” by contributing to Relief Work when opportunity offered and talking and writing in behalf of the Allies whenever I had the chance. In every one of the countries visited I experienced uniform courtesy and kindness. I never received an undeserved harsh word. Often there was delay, often there seemed to be undue quizzing. But I am convinced that it was justifiable in every case.

For the privilege of meeting dignitaries abroad and other courtesies, I am indebted to the Hon. Richard Olney, 2d, Hon. Andrew J. Peters, Hon. Winslow Warren, Hon. Frederick J. Stimson, Courtenay Guild, Esq., and others. Also to my cousin, G. Howard Maynadier, Esq., for helping me prepare this volume for the press.

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For permission to reprint contributed articles I wish to thank the *Boston Evening Transcript*, the *Dedham Transcript*, and *Everybody's Magazine*.

Finally, I am glad to register my obligations to my wife for her loyal co-operation in removing all domestic obstacles and repeatedly smoothing the way for the War Zone Gadabout.

WALTER AUSTIN.

Dedham, Massachusetts,

June, 1917.

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THE AUTHOR'S CREDENTIALS ON HIS FOUR FLIGHTS

A WAR ZONE GADABOUT

FLIGHT THE FIRST

OCTOBER 14 — DECEMBER 16, 1914

CHAPTER ONE

London — The War a Sporting Event, Devoid of Gloom —
Detained as a Spy for Talking to a German Lady and Carry-
ing Her Luggage.

IT all started back in 1898, when I tried to get into the Massachusetts militia so that I could go to Cuba and fight Spaniards. Being refused, I got a billet as supercargo on a supply ship and sailed into Santiago in time to see some of the “doings” — just enough to whet my curiosity and my taste for adventure.

Then in 1904-1905, during the Japanese-Russian war, I happened to be in Japan. Here was another — and a bigger — chance, I thought, to taste adventure and to see history in the making, but a cold “turn-down” by the Mikado’s government kept me from steaming away on a self-commandeered craft to the siege of Port Arthur.

In the fall of 1914, however, I had better luck, for on October 14th I sailed from New York on the *Lusitania* for Liverpool. I must confess that I had no better excuse

for going abroad than sightseeing, but that seemed to me reason enough. The first general European war in ninety-nine years had burst upon an unsuspecting world, and I wanted to have a glimpse of those conditions that had long been talked of as possible, but that few, if any, Americans had expected would come in their day. Besides, I had wagered a box of cigars with a friend of mine that I could get to England, Germany, Belgium and France and return to New York before Christmas. Hence my determination to smell the smoke of Battle in order to puff the cheroot of Peace.

We had a very smooth passage and sighted but one vessel during the entire trip. The steamer's transformation gave us our first intimation of warfare. It was painted gray throughout, and at night all lights were carefully covered. When we arrived off the Welsh coast at night we had a sterner omen of strife, for searchlights from the shore were constantly played on us. But there was no apparent anxiety among the passengers, since that was before the days of submarine "frightfulness," and we docked safely.

From Liverpool I proceeded at once to London, where I put up at Morley's Hotel in Trafalgar Square — that quaint tavern of uncertain age and indubitable British atmosphere.

The next day was Trafalgar Day. About the Nelson Monument, in front of the hotel, was gathered the largest crowd I had ever seen. At the base of the shaft were strewn wreaths, contributed by veterans of many

wars, from the Crimean down to the present conflict. Among the most touching were those sent by the survivors of the *Aboukir*, *Cressy* and *Hogue*, the British cruisers which not long before had been sunk in the North Sea by the German submarine, U-5, with a loss of 1,500 men.

There was little in London to suggest war. The whole city was gay and business was proceeding as usual. Merchandise prices were moderate. All theatres and cafés were open, although many of the latter conspicuously displayed this sign: "No German or Austrian Waiters Employed Here." Evidently to the British mind the war was but a sporting event. It had not yet sobered the English as I heard it had the French.

The only conspicuous sign of war was a perfect sea of flags and pennants. From every available staff there floated the Cross of St. George, or the French or Belgian or Russian colors. But as I looked about I discovered other signs. Auto-busses and tram-cars displayed flaming posters, exhorting citizens to enlist. Here and there recruiting activities were going on in the public squares with all the blare of brass and beating of drums that characterize a Salvation Army rally. Spellbinders held the spectators breathless as they described the glories of patriotism, and called upon every Cockney present to "do his bit." As a spectacular and very effective peroration, the speaker would always conclude by pointing straight at the nearest available man, and shouting, "You, my fine fellow — Britain needs you right here

and now! Step up and get your name on the roll, and tomorrow we will have you in khaki — your country will thank you and your girl will be proud of you.” The direct appeal, coupled with the accusing glances of the bystanders, was invariably too much for the blushing and self-conscious victim. Half pushed and half pulled, he would land on the platform, and inside of two minutes his name and address would be officially entered on the recruiting rolls. In a daze he would step down, even then but half realizing that from now until the end of the conflict he was to be but a helpless pawn on the sanguinary chessboard of war.

In sharp contrast to these heroic efforts of the recruiters was the stupid policy forced upon the British press by the official news censors. Regularly, monotonously, the English newspapers published accounts of victory after victory for the Allies. And nowhere in the roseate record was the cloud of defeat anywhere discernible. The result was, naturally, a universal feeling of apathy, a feeling well typified by the remark made to me by a young clerk in one of the shops. In reply to my query why he was not in khaki, he said:

“In khaki? Why should I enlist? The papers say we’re winning all the battles. Before I could ever get a chance at the front, the war’d be over. I don’t want to spend two or three months doing drills on Salisbury Plain and then be mustered out without having had a smell of powder.”

There was one danger, though, that London was just

beginning to recognize — the danger of the Zeppelin. All street lights, encased in round globes, were painted black on top so that the illumination was confined to a downward thrust, and was invisible directly overhead. This produced a sort of half light that was gloomy. But it was the most brilliant illumination compared with the arrangement I found a year later.

I had been in London about four days, when I chanced to meet an American who had just come from Berlin. He told me that Americans were welcomed in Germany and that it was easy to get in and out. I was making my trip to see all that was possible of the war, and although I had been in England only four days, I had seen about as much as a casual visitor could of the difference between London in war time and the London that I had known under normal conditions. Accordingly I decided now to go to Berlin and to entrain for Folkestone as soon as possible. No visé of any sort was required on my passport.

When I entered my compartment at Waterloo Station, I found I was to share it with a well-dressed lady of about fifty, evidently of high breeding. She was leaning out of the window and bidding good-bye to a handsome, well-groomed man standing on the platform. I was struck by the purity of her English and her apparent culture and refinement.

I had no conversation with her on the train, but at Folkestone, finding that she had more luggage than she could conveniently carry, I offered to bear her bundle

of three or four umbrellas to the ship. She thanked me, and I took them in hand.

As we were walking together along the dock toward the gangway, talking together, she and the porter carrying her bags were stopped by a British official and requested to step into the waiting-room. To my surprise, I was ordered to join them. In this room two or three officials went through her trunks and hand luggage most minutely. I was carrying a suit-case and a Gladstone bag. These too were examined, but as I had no contraband they were speedily O. K.'d.

An officer asked me who I was, where I was born, what was my business, and if I had a passport. I proved that I had by showing it to him. Then he questioned me closely as to the lady.

"You were seen talking with this woman and we should like to learn what you know about her."

"Why," said I, "I never spoke a word to her in my life until we stepped on to this dock." The official stared at me very hard for a minute or two.

"I believe you are telling the truth. You may go aboard."

Heaving a sigh of relief, I asked, "What's all the fuss about?"

"That woman is from Schleswig-Holstein. We are certain that she is a German spy. She will not be permitted to leave the country."

Heaving another sigh, even more grateful than the first, I grabbed my bags and scrambled aboard the

steamer. Then and there I took a solemn oath that henceforth I would put the soft pedal on chivalry and engage no more attractive ladies in casual conversation. It was fortunate for me that the war was yet young. A year later, I should have been detained several days, at least, and possibly interned for the duration of the war.

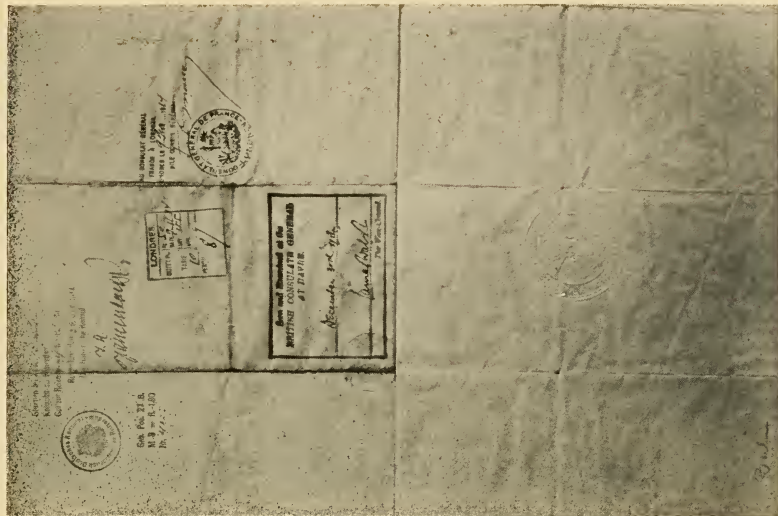
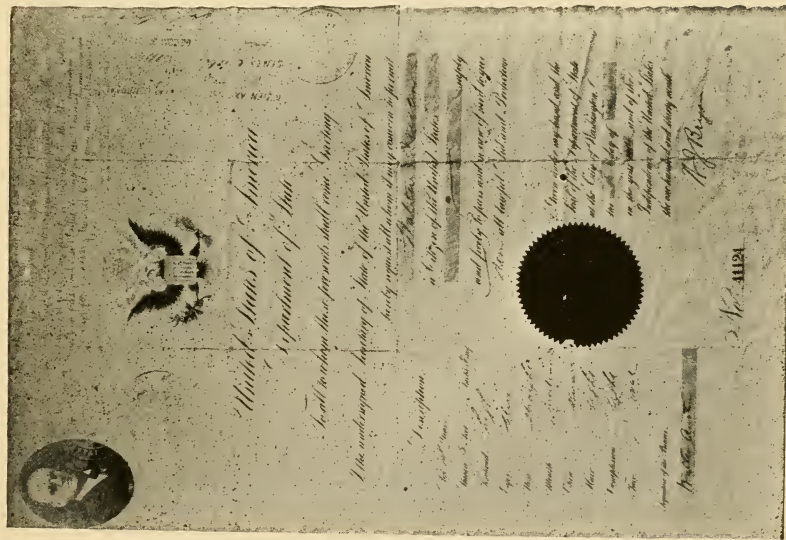
CHAPTER TWO

Antwerp Under German Rule — "Umsteigen" — Berlin — The Elderly American Ladies and Their Patriotic Draperies.

THE passage to Flushing, Holland, was without incident and accomplished in about five hours.

At this period in the war no mines had been sown here and the route from Folkestone was direct. At Flushing I bought a ticket to Rotterdam with stop-over privilege at Rosendahl, Holland, which is the railway junction for Antwerp, twenty-five miles distant. The fall of the great Belgian seaport was then recent, and I wanted to have a glimpse of the city if I could. I spent the night in Rosendahl and started early in the morning for Antwerp. At Esschen, the Belgian frontier town, which had just been captured by the enemy, I had my first view of a German helmet. It was worn by the soldier who demanded our passports at the station, above which floated the German flag. It gave me an unpleasant thrill, for from the beginning of the war I had been a pronounced pro-Ally.

At Antwerp the train was stopped and we were set down way out in the suburbs and forced to walk a quarter of a mile with our luggage to a gate in a stockade, which had been thrown across the road. Here the



FRONT AND REVERSE OF PASSPORT, 1914
Note few visés required in early part of war.

German officer would not admit me to the city itself until my passport had been viséd by the proper German authorities. Summoning a cab and driver, he packed me into the vehicle and gave the man some orders which I did not understand. After a three-mile drive I arrived at the office of the proper military authority, who promptly and courteously gave me the necessary visé.

Going back to the German officer at the gate, I presented my passport, but to my surprise he wouldn't even look at it, but waved me a "welcome to our city" in curt German fashion.

The last time I had visited Antwerp was on my wedding trip. Then it was happy, prosperous and gay. This time it gave me the shivers, it was so changed. Suddenly I wished I had not come to the place, and I found myself far gone with nostalgia. Alone, among strangers whose tongue I could neither speak nor understand, with no legitimate business to excuse my presence, and with German troops milling around me, I felt like the victim in a herd of stampeded horned cattle.

Craving the sight of a friend and the sound of an English word, I called on the American consul. He was out. My spirits dropped to below zero. However, I suddenly realized that I could write English, even if I dared not speak it. So I sat down in the consulate, pulled out a bunch of picture post-cards and wrote a line to every friend I could think of in the United States from the Gulf to the Lakes. This eased the tension a bit. Then I left them at the consulate to be forwarded,

which was a happy inspiration, as they would otherwise probably not have gone beyond the reach of the German authorities.

Antwerp was like a morgue, swarming with hostile officials in gray uniforms and spiked helmets. All hotels, shops, and places of amusement were closed. The resident population had practically disappeared. Two weeks before, Antwerp had been gay, busy, normal, except for apprehension of the coming storm, which had come with a suddenness of destruction beyond all expectations. The defence had been heroic but brief. Today there was no one to talk to except cab-drivers and soldiers. Upon business, amusement, and peaceful home life had fallen the paralyzing hand of martial law.

On my honeymoon to Antwerp, my wife and I had visited the Zoological Gardens, where, with absorbed interest, we had watched the keeper feeding the boa-constrictors, and had suddenly become aware with horror that live rabbits formed the principal course of the meal. The wily reptile, the innocent, unconscious capers of the unsuspecting prey, then the thrust of neck and head, the swift closing of the enveloping maw and the instantaneous disappearance of the poor, fuzzy little victim — all this had made an unforgettable impression. It all came back to me now, as I walked the streets of the German-vanquished city. What better parallel, I thought, to Germany's insatiate appetite for conquest could Nature supply than that swallowing of a weak and harmless Belgian hare by the sly, swift, cruel glutton?



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RESIDENTIAL SECTION OF ANTWERP WRECKED BY BOMBARDMENT,
OCTOBER, 1914



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THE PLACE VERTE, ANTWERP, SHOWING THE ROYAL HOTEL GUTTED,
AND LEFT NEXT TO IT THE HOTEL DE L'EUROPE, ALSO
PARTLY BURNED

Just outside of Antwerp were the evidences of warfare — trenches crisscrossing the fallows, and great sections of forest cut down to afford free play for the artillery. Before the heavy assaults of the enormous German siege guns, the city's fortresses had crumbled to dust. Modern methods of attack had made of impregnable defences a mockery and a byword. I took a drive round the city but found the damage negligible. Most of it had been confined to the southern portion, where I noticed that one large building had been entirely leveled.

One day in Antwerp was enough for me. I put up at an inn called the Touilliers. On October 26th I pushed on to Rotterdam, where I spent two days at the Hotel Maas. Dutch sentiment I found to be about "fifty-fifty" for and against the Germans. I believe the sentimental feeling was all for the Allies, but business self-interest prompted very practical concessions to Teutonic demands. Little Holland showed admirable pluck, however, in mobilizing her entire army and making forehanded arrangements in defending her soil in case of invasion. Wherever I traveled by rail, I saw forts, barbed wire entanglements, trenches and barricades.

On the 29th, with little or no knowledge of German, but trusting wholly to my passport, I decided to make the nineteen-hour trip to the Kaiser's capital. In Rotterdam I sought the German consul, whom I asked to visé my passport. He was very courteous and seemed pleased that I planned to go to Berlin, but my photo-

graph must be attached to the passport. For a moment this seemed a real obstacle, for I was in a hurry. Then I thought of a way out.

I once ran for selectman in the town where I live and, like all American candidates for office, I had had a lot of campaign cards printed, showing my picture and exhorting all voters of good judgment to support my candidacy at the polls. I happened to have one of these cards in my pocket. I showed it to the consul. He gave it long and careful scrutiny, attentively comparing the picture with myself. At last he pronounced it satisfactory, took a pair of scissors, cut the picture carefully from the card, pasted it to my passport and stamped the whole paper several times with ponderous German seals.

I bought through passage to Berlin, taking as I supposed an entire compartment for the whole trip. I was determined on two things. First, I would, if possible, travel all the way to Berlin alone, so as not to have to talk to any of my fellow passengers. Second, if bad luck pursued me to the extent of any "native son" trying to engage me in conversation, I was going to be a deaf mute during all of that nineteen-hour journey. For well did I know that the uttering of a single English word was strictly "verboden," and I realized that if I inadvertently suffered any oral leakage I was likely to be arrested as an English spy.

At first everything went well. The train service was excellent; the cars were comfortable; and I had a good

sleep that night, in spite of the fact that I took it with all my clothes on. But in the early morning I had an unpleasant surprise. The train had stopped at a town near the German frontier. I was roused from sleep by a guard who came to my door, opened it, and shouted: "Umsteigen, umsteigen!"

I yawned, stretched my legs, blinked my eyes and looked out of the door at the railway station. "Umsteigen!" The word was familiar. I had certainly heard it before when I had traveled in Germany, but I could not recollect its meaning. Then it occurred to me that it was the name of the place. Not being particularly struck by the beauties of "Umsteigen" I relaxed and started to doze again. Once more the guard came to the door and again shouted "Umsteigen!" He glared at me fiercely and pointed impatiently at the platform. It was plain that he was getting excited if not angry. I felt very uncomfortable. But I plucked up courage enough to grin foolishly and nod my head, hoping to intimate that the scenery was very pleasing but that it was no particular concern of mine. I was getting frightened because I couldn't speak German and I dared not speak English.

Meanwhile friend Fritz continued to point at the platform and shout "Umsteigen!" Then at last it suddenly dawned on me that "Umsteigen!" meant "change cars," and that I must get out!

I tumbled out in a hurry, found a porter, gave him a mark, and shouted in his ear the one and only word I

dared utter — “Berlin.” The porter nodded and led me to a gate, where an officer examined my passport but did not even look at my luggage. I was put on another train, where I was assigned to a first class carriage. Alas! This was not to be for my own exclusive use. To my dismay it was all cluttered up with German officers, each manly chest proudly adorned with an Iron Cross. Fine company for a Yankee pro-Ally!

As soon as we got under way I took the bull by the horns.

“Sprechen Sie Amerikanisch?” I boldly inquired.

“Ja — ja,” shouted two or three of the group, smiling good-naturedly. My modest experiment in promptly identifying myself as an American, rather than one of the hated English, worked perfectly. During the entire journey we were the best of friends. One young officer even advised me as to my hotel in Berlin and when we got there personally directed me to my quarters.

Of course they were chiefly interested in finding out the sentiment of the United States in regard to the war, and this required all my tact in answering without giving offence or disappointment.

At every station at which we stopped I noticed that a portion of the waiting-room had been set apart for the reception of wounded soldiers. We passed train after train filled with wounded from the fighting near Ypres. At Hanover, I counted thirteen cars so filled. From the floor of one compartment a stream of blood trickled down on the rails. These soldiers were the slightly wounded

— those able to be conveyed into the interior. The more seriously wounded were first treated at the field hospital and later transferred to the base hospitals.

It was evening when we pulled in at the Friedrich-strasse Station. As I drove in my cab to the Adlon Hotel on the Linden I was struck by the contrast between Berlin and London. In the British capital all had been gay, cheerful, almost frivolous. Flags, pennants, posters and banners flew everywhere, in a riot of color and festivity. It was the London of "Derby Day" in spirit and appearance. Here in Berlin all was different — no flags, no laughing, cheering crowds, but a grim, determined, purposeful look in every face, to which mirth was ever a stranger. I made up my mind that here was a people who had either become soberly and practically patriotic, or else had fallen victims to the canker of Ambition and were well into the middle of their dream of World Conquest.

Here one of the oddest sights I saw in Germany immediately confronted me. In the hotel office sat two typical elderly American spinsters. They were of the true "prunes and prisms type," utterly unacquainted with the significance of a world war and the tremendous events that were going on all about them. The minute I clapped an eye on them I knew they were not of Cosmopolis. They were "at home" only in some such place as Oshkosh, Wisconsin, where the chief excitement of their placid lives was the weekly session of the Dorcas Society. But they did not appear excited. They wore

the calm of absolute self-reliance and the assurance of safety that comes with fifty years of blameless living.

But they were prepared. Ah! Yes! They were thoroughly and impregnably shielded against the possible assaults of an enemy or the contemptuous glance of any alien, male or female. For across their chests, reaching from shoulder to shoulder, and covering them from neck to waist-line, were pinned the Stars and Stripes in all their silken splendor. Beneath the aegis of the Red, White and Blue, it was "theirs not to question why," not even there in the hot-bed of Prussianism, under the very shadow of the War Lord's palace.

I asked them how they happened to be still in Berlin, why they had not sailed for home at the outbreak of hostilities. One of the dear old ladies replied very calmly, "Well, we heard that they have dropped a lot of those horrid mines into the North Sea and we didn't think it quite safe to sail now, but we are going home just as soon as the war is over. I don't think it will last more than a month or two longer, do you?"

I couldn't bear to undeceive the trusting creature, and, leaving my private opinion as to the duration of the war unuttered, I excused myself and faded to my room—to laugh.

CHAPTER THREE

Berlin — Otto Werner, My Beau Brummel Cicerone — Arrested for Talking to British Prisoners — I Call for "The Marseillaise."

BRIGHT and early next morning the proprietor sent word to me that the Commissionnaire, whose services I had requested the night before, awaited my pleasure in the office. On coming down, my attention was called to a most august personage who was making a profound obeisance in my general direction. He was dressed in a cutaway coat, fancy waistcoat, carefully pressed trousers, shining boots and white spats, and he carried a high hat, gloves, and a walking-stick. Tall and bearded, he was so impressive-looking that I was sure the proprietor had made a mistake, until the gentleman, introducing himself as Herr Otto Werner, assured me that he was at my service to pilot me whithersoever I wished. The only flaw in Otto's equipment was his English. That was execrable. But his manners, his knowledge of the city, his loyalty and good humor were "all to the good."

After breakfast, Werner and I took a taxicab and were driven to a great plain beyond Charlottenburg, about ten miles from Berlin. I wanted to see the French,

Russian and British prisoners — the latter numbering, perhaps, four or five thousand.

As we neared the encampment I noticed an enormous number of tents, some of them almost as large as our circus tents. These were located along each side of the road, near which, but behind barbed wire enclosures, were sauntering all kinds and conditions of prisoners — Cossacks in their astrakhan caps, French soldiers in their antiquated blue coats and red trousers, and at last, on the road itself, a motley crew, numbering perhaps a hundred, who carried pickaxes and shovels, whose uniforms were very dirty and muddy, and quite indistinguishable as to nationality. I saw only that the men were pitifully without benefit of razors, and that they shamled along with little or no show of pride or dignity.

“Who are they?” I asked Werner.

“British soldiers,” said he.

Just then we came up to them. Something made me forget the danger of using my native tongue, which had so obsessed me while I was traveling to Berlin. I leaned out of the taxi and shouted:

“How are you, boys? It’s a long way to Tipperary. Good luck to you!”

Instantly from I know not where a police official jumped on the running-board of our machine, evidently quite beside himself with rage. In the most unprintable language — and to me untranslatable, but I know it was unprintable — he berated me roundly. Then he ordered the driver to take us to the Commandant’s office, which



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GERMAN RECRUITS IN BERLIN, LEAVING FOR THE FRONT, 1914



London Graphic, 1914

BRITISH PRISONERS NEAR CHARLOTTENBURG

we reached half a mile further on, the genial policeman accompanying us. When we were ushered into this building, I explained in English to the stern-looking official that I had meant no offence in my casual hailing of the English "Tommies." My testimony was loyally corroborated by Werner, but it was no use. The official ordered us sent to Berlin immediately and delegated an officer to sit at my side and see that we got there. As the latter took his place in the car, I realized that I was a prisoner. I thought longingly of my comfortable home in the suburbs of Boston and wished I were there.

The officer turned out to be a very good sort. He chatted with us, and about half way in, stopped the machine at a roadside café.

"Let's have some beer and cigars," said he. This sounded so inviting we all got out, went inside, and gave our orders to the waiter.

Thinking that I was accepting the hospitality of the Kaiser, I ordered a seidel of the finest brew in the house, and also the best imported cigar they had to offer.

As I sipped my beer and watched the smoke-rings float lazily out into the autumn sunshine, I mused upon the swift changes of fate. I had started the journey from the Commandant's office with my heart full of venom for this horrible jailer. Now I felt myself glowing with love for all mankind, especially for this kind and hospitable German officer who was so solicitous for my comfort.

"Fine fellows, these Germans, after all," I thought.

"Generous, free with their money, hospitable and thoughtful." In fact, I exhausted all the laudatory adjectives I could think of in properly classifying him. I had just decided to ask him what his first name was when I woke up.

In front of me lay the bill where it had been truculently thrown by the coarse, unfeeling waiter. As I blinked wonderingly at it, a loud laugh went up from every one in the room. It was evident that I was "stuck." I flung twenty marks on the table and immediately revised my opinion of German soldiers as hosts.

In Berlin we reached a gloomy building in the heart of the city, where we were arraigned before a solemn, white-haired magistrate in civilian dress. After he had heard the soldier's story he asked me in English what I had said. I repeated my salutation, word for word. I stoutly asserted that it was wholly through ignorance of the rules that I had ventured to address the soldiers. Again Werner backed me up loyally.

The magistrate seemed satisfied with our stories, but the word "Tipperary" bothered him. Nor could Werner help me out now; he knew its meaning no more than the judge. I explained that it was a well-known music hall song that was popular with the British soldiers and had even penetrated to America. Still the magistrate balked; he looked incredulous. There was something secret and sinister about the word.

"Write it out," said he, pushing a paper and pencil in my direction.

With trembling fingers I began to write. I remember particularly that I hesitated for a minute, wondering whether there were one or two p's in "Tipperary." My hesitation made the magistrate look at the word very suspiciously. I am sure that he thought it a word in some secret code.

With the paper in his hand the magistrate retired, leaving a soldier to guard us. For half an hour I squirmed on the mental grill, wondering what was to befall me.

At the end of that time the official returned, told me he had telephoned to my hotel and found that I was all right, and that he had decided to release me. But he did not let me go without sternly reminding me that I had committed a very serious offence in speaking to prisoners without permission, an offence punishable by imprisonment. He admonished me never to do such a foolish thing again. However, he was quite convinced of my innocence in this instance. Then he told me he was anxious that my stay in Berlin should be as pleasant as possible and to that end he begged leave to offer me, for the entire duration of my visit, the free use of an automobile!

Bewildered, I stammered my thanks and a polite declination. Involuntarily I thought of the invitation to partake of beer and cigars on the way in from Charlottenburg. But the judge's invitation I believe was genuine. I afterwards attributed his kind offer to the fact that Germany, thus early in the war, was making a systematic

effort to win American sympathy and to that end was doing everything possible to please whatever Americans happened to be traveling in the country. For instance, only three times in Germany was I required to show my passport — once on entering, and once on leaving the frontier, and once at my hotel in Berlin. My luggage was never examined nor even opened. American citizenship was apparently an open sesame.

Public opinion in Berlin is not spontaneous — a creation of the people — but is manufactured by the Prussian military system and disseminated through the controlled press. The whims of the autocrats, therefore, determine the mental viewpoint of the masses.

Throughout Berlin I found many evidences of anti-Ally sentiment. All signs in French and English had been removed; bills of fare were entirely in the German language; the famous Café Picadilly — similar to the Moulin Rouge in Paris — had been changed overnight to the “Café Vaterland.”

It was at this place that I made my second unfortunate “break.” One night I went to the “Vaterland” with two or three officers with whom I had become well acquainted. We had a very good dinner; in fact, I think the dinner was too good. At any rate, after we had finished and the band had played some stirring patriotic airs, I suddenly turned to one of my companions and in a loud voice made the brilliant suggestion —

“Ask them to play the ‘Marseillaise.’”

“Hush,” said he, raising his forefinger. The chap

on the other side of me jumped to his feet and clapped his hand over my mouth. Thus forcibly reminded of my bad taste in titles, I apologized profusely and made another good resolution—that until I was on my steamer, homeward bound for America, I would suggest no tunes to be played in public.

CHAPTER FOUR

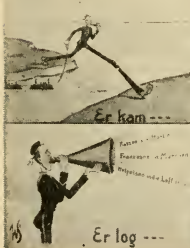
Berlin — Alleged Allied Atrocities — Potsdam and Sans Souci —
Essen — "A Boston American."

I ASKED Werner one day if he had ever heard of any atrocities having been committed by the Allies. He said that at one of the hospitals were eight soldiers who had had their ears cut off and their eyes gouged out by French Turcos. I asked him to take me to the hospital, which he did. The officials put me off until the next day. I again called and was put off until the afternoon. After making three trips without succeeding in seeing the alleged victims I made up my mind that they did not exist. Surely if Germany had any such exhibits it was wholly to her interest to let an American see them and so report on his return to America, as a necessary offset to the stories of German atrocities being put out by the Allies. But though I could find no evidence that the Turcos committed atrocities, it was evident that they were relentless fighters. In talking with German soldiers through my guide I found that the enemies they most feared were the Turcos and the Cossacks, who are known as "terrors with the cold steel," cutting and slashing most viciously with sabres and bayonets.

As to the famous Iron Cross, I must say it was everywhere in evidence. The French and English con-

F. OTTO WERNER
GUTENBERG

HOTEL ADLON
BERLIN



Ja Ja der liebe Franzmann
Der hat ein großes Maul.
Dah unsere Tant aus Essen
Die ist auch gar nicht laut.

SIX POST-CARDS, BERLIN, NOVEMBER, 1914
Upper left-hand corner — card of Otto Werner.

temptuously claim that these crosses are sent by the wagon-load to the front and are distributed among the men at so much apiece. Certainly Berlin was full of them. It seemed as though nearly every other soldier was wearing one. One day I happened upon a crowd in the Linden. About a young chap of fifteen were grouped soldiers and civilians, clapping the boy on the back, shaking his hand, and singing his praises. The little fellow was wearing full military uniform, to the coat of which was pinned an Iron Cross. On inquiry, I found that he had recently won it through his courage in creeping forward one night beyond the German trenches and locating the position of a Russian battery.

Another sign of war was the large number of captured machine guns grouped in the public squares, their battered and bullet-pierced shields showing that they had received terrible punishment at German hands before they had become German property. Each gun bore a placard naming the place where it was captured — “Liège,” “Namur,” “Charleroi,” “Mons,” etc.

Yet in some ways Berlin was not so warlike as I had expected to find it. I noticed the utter absence of mourning here. In spite of the tremendous losses, the German government had forbidden the women to wear crepe, shrewdly calculating that the sight of too much black would have a depressing effect upon the people. Nor was money difficult to procure, as I had been led to believe in London, where they told me that I couldn't possibly draw on my letter of credit in Berlin. But when

I went to my bankers — Mendelssohn and Company — they informed me that I could draw all I pleased. "You can have British gold if you want it," said the clerk.

I was greatly surprised at the freedom with which I was permitted to visit Potsdam and Sans Souci, the Kaiser's summer home, about twenty-five miles from Berlin. Here the grounds had been given over to the use of recruits, who were drilling night and day. The trip to Potsdam, by the way, could be made in peace times in a Zeppelin at a moderate price, but at the outbreak of war all Zeppelins were, of course, commandeered for national service. Werner and I entered the gates at Potsdam without the slightest trouble. The sentry on duty did not question or examine me, and for several hours I strolled through the palace, entering any of the rooms I wished, and was even conducted into the private burial vaults where sleep the ancient Prussian kings.

It was at Potsdam that I made my final oratorical "*faux pas*." As I stood there watching the gray-uniformed recruits moving like automatons at the sound of "their master's voice" — the commanding officer — I blurted out:

"Werner, I believe the German military system is all wrong."

No sooner had I spoken than I regretted it. A look of positive pain flashed across his face, and he muttered between his closed teeth, "You do not understand us." Up to this time he had believed me even more than a

neutral, almost a pro-German, so careful had I been to praise everything German that I conscientiously could. This estimate of me he had even passed on to the proprietor of the hotel, who had surprised me one day by offering to get me free passage to Vienna and return, probably in hopes that I would thereby gather even more material for a strong pro-German utterance when I should return to America.

This job of holding my unruly pro-Ally tongue in this Teutonic environment was getting unbearable; so after my disagreement with Werner I decided to leave. The next day I engaged a compartment for Rotterdam and brought my nine-days tour of Germany to a close on the evening of November 7th.

In leaving Berlin I carried away with me two distinct impressions. The first was the super-efficiency of the Germans. Everything was going like clockwork. All the shops were open. People were in a normal frame of mind and the activities everywhere were identical with those of peace times, with this exception, that many wounded soldiers with hands or legs or heads bandaged were hobbling about the streets. The second impression was the absolute unity of the whole German people in the cause of the Kaiser. For this they showed an enthusiasm and a determination to win that impressed me deeply. In fact, as a result of my visit to Germany I made bold, in my own home town a few weeks later, to prophesy that the war would last at least three years. But, like many another prophet, I was laughed to scorn.

The return trip to Holland was by a slightly different route, which brought me through Essen, the site of the world-famous Krupp Works. To guard against espionage the train crew pulled down the window curtains, but I peeked out, nevertheless. The place was a beehive of industry — scores of chimneys belching forth their black smoke, enormous train-loads of ammunition and weapons, hundreds of workmen darting to and fro — in short, all the feverish activity peculiar to any nation's arsenal in time of war. I noticed, too, that preparations had been taken to guard the Works from hostile intrusion both by land and sky. Armed soldiers patrolled the entrances to the Works, and anti-aircraft guns were posted on the roofs to discourage Allied airplanes from dropping bombs.

At the frontier, while I was answering a few questions, this one was sprung on me :

“Are you a German-American or an English-American?” asked my inquisitor.

I pondered a moment, then replied :

“I, sir, am a Boston American !”

Whereupon the Hun in the helmet bowed gravely and let me pass. Gleefully I jumped into my compartment, the train started, and a moment later I had exchanged the chills and fevers of a hostile land for the genial sunshine of the Dutch ; for dikes, Edam cheese and tulips.

CHAPTER FIVE

Holland — Hotchkiss, the Incomparable — London — Allen Joins Us With His Car, "The Dreadnaught" — Boulogne — Havre — The Colonel's Story of What Happened at Mons — Two Peasant Women Ride With Us.

AT Flushing I found the *Princess Juliana* ready to sail for Folkestone, but at the ticket office I was told that everything had been sold weeks before and that not another passenger could be taken.

I strolled to the gangway. Although the boat was not to start for some time, I found it loaded to the rails. Most of the passengers were Belgian refugees, fleeing to England for the food and raiment which they so sorely needed. All around me were hundreds of other Belgians imploring passage even more clamorously than myself. The man at the gangway told me I probably could not get passage for a week.

Presently I overheard a man speak in English to the gangway official, telling him that he had no ticket, but was perfectly willing to buy one and that he *must* be allowed to proceed to England on this boat. He was refused.

As he turned away, I stepped up to him and introduced myself. He presented his card, which read: "Edwin B. Hotchkiss, Engineer, Brussels."

In this fashion began an acquaintance which lasted for nearly a month, and which brought me into intimate daily contact with one of the most capable and resourceful gentlemen whom it has ever been my pleasure to meet. After hearing my brief story, Mr. Hotchkiss said:

“Wait here. I’ll fix it for both of us.”

As he turned away I noticed that he was a man about fifty years old, stockily built, and rather distinguished-looking. I had noticed that in speaking to the steamboat officials he had that air of authority which usually achieves the object desired and will not be denied. In our brief conversation it developed that he was a kinsman of the famous Hotchkiss family, inventors and manufacturers of the guns of that name; that he had been in business in Brussels for twenty-five years and that his relations with the Belgian government were very close.

A few minutes before midnight he reappeared and nonchalantly handed me not only a passage ticket but a stateroom reservation for us both. How he had managed it I never knew. This was only the first of many instances of his marvelous resourcefulness.

During the ten-hours sail to Folkestone I learned that Mr. Hotchkiss had, in his youth, been something of a soldier of fortune; that once he had enlisted with the British forces in Canada and had been wounded in Riel’s Rebellion. A fine, up-standing, red-blooded, two-fisted man he was, with all the inherent tact and diplomacy so necessary for smoothing the way in continental Europe.

The trip to Folkestone occupied twice as much time as it had taken us to come over. During my stay in Berlin several new mine fields had been laid and the Channel had to be traversed with great caution. Once while I was on deck a dark object loomed just ahead. The helmsman whirled the wheel and we escaped it only by inches. It was a mine. In the early morning I noticed smoke in the direction of Nieuport and asked Hotchkiss what it meant.

"They're fighting over there, and the battle is a big one," said he. "Can't you hear the guns?"

I strained my ears and heard faint detonations. Later I learned that the Prussian Guards were making a desperate but vain attempt to reach the Channel ports. I believe this battle is known as the Battle of Ypres.

At Folkestone we took the train direct to London and I was once again at Morley's Hotel. During the passage across the Channel I had prevailed upon Hotchkiss to take me with him to Havre and Calais, where he had business. The one thing necessary, however, was a motor-car. Train service was slow and uncertain, but with a machine one became a master of transportation and could go and come whenever he liked. So we went on a still hunt for a car. It was a very difficult task to find any one who would be willing to rent a machine without our putting up its full value in cash before starting. This was because of the grave probability of its being commandeered as soon as we landed on French soil.

Finally we ran across A. J. Allen, a tall, clean-cut,

athletic Londoner, about thirty-five years old, who owned a machine and in whom, luckily, the spirit of adventure was not dead. His clear blue eyes betokened honesty and courage. In short order we made a contract with him to rent us his car and his own services for seven pounds a day and all expenses and repair bills. Although he had a wife and two children, he was quite willing to jeopardize his splendid Mercedes limousine — a willingness which was a Godsend to us. I am convinced that the remuneration he was to receive for taking this trip was a secondary consideration. It was plain that he was himself bitten by the *wanderlust*. Later he gallantly offered his services to his country, and is now superintending in London the care and repair of cars and motor-trucks in use by the government in that city.

Before leaving for France we viewed the parade incident to Lord Mayor's Day, November 9th, from the window of my hotel. In our party were Lieutenant Morrison, whom I met in London a year later, and a Doctor Beavis, a noted golf-player, who has appeared in several tournaments in this country, and who was about to start for the Belgian Field Hospital at Furnes in Flanders. The Doctor laughingly invited us to call on him if we ever got to Furnes, adding, "Of course you'll never get there!" But in this he was mistaken, for eleven days later we were shaking hands with him over one of the hospital cots in that interesting town.

In the Lord Mayor's parade I noticed the regular, the territorial, and the colonial troops, including New Zea-



E. B. HOTCHKISS



A. J. ALLEN

SOUVENIR AND PROGRAMME OF THE Lord Mayor's Show

NOV. 8th,
1914.










2. Great Overlander (patented) will arrive from the great continent, and the winning military machine, intended to show the world the latest in motor engineering.

3. The Lord Mayor's Show will be an afternoon of fun and games for all.

4. The Lord Mayor's Show will be an afternoon of fun and games for all.

5. The Lord Mayor's Show will be an afternoon of fun and games for all.

6. The Lord Mayor's Show will be an afternoon of fun and games for all.

7. The Lord Mayor's Show will be an afternoon of fun and games for all.

8. The Lord Mayor's Show will be an afternoon of fun and games for all.

FRANK, BURGESS & SON, 100, FINE STREET, LONDON, W.C.

SOUVENIR AT BANQUET, MORLEY'S HOTEL, LONDON, ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1914

landers and Canadians. None of these had yet been to the front, but were being trained at Salisbury Plain. I was again struck by the gay and buoyant spirits of the people, who were hurrahing and laughing and treating the whole war as an outdoor sport.

On the 12th of November three men in a motor-car bowled on to the deck of the Channel steamer. Two minutes later, the ship being under way, the Three Musketeers repaired to the smoking-room, where they drank success to their new Goddess, La Belle France, their forty-horse-power machine, "The Dreadnaught," and to the Great Adventure. Our very rough passage of three hours to Boulogne I noticed was shared by General Smith-Dorrien, second to General French in command of the British forces.

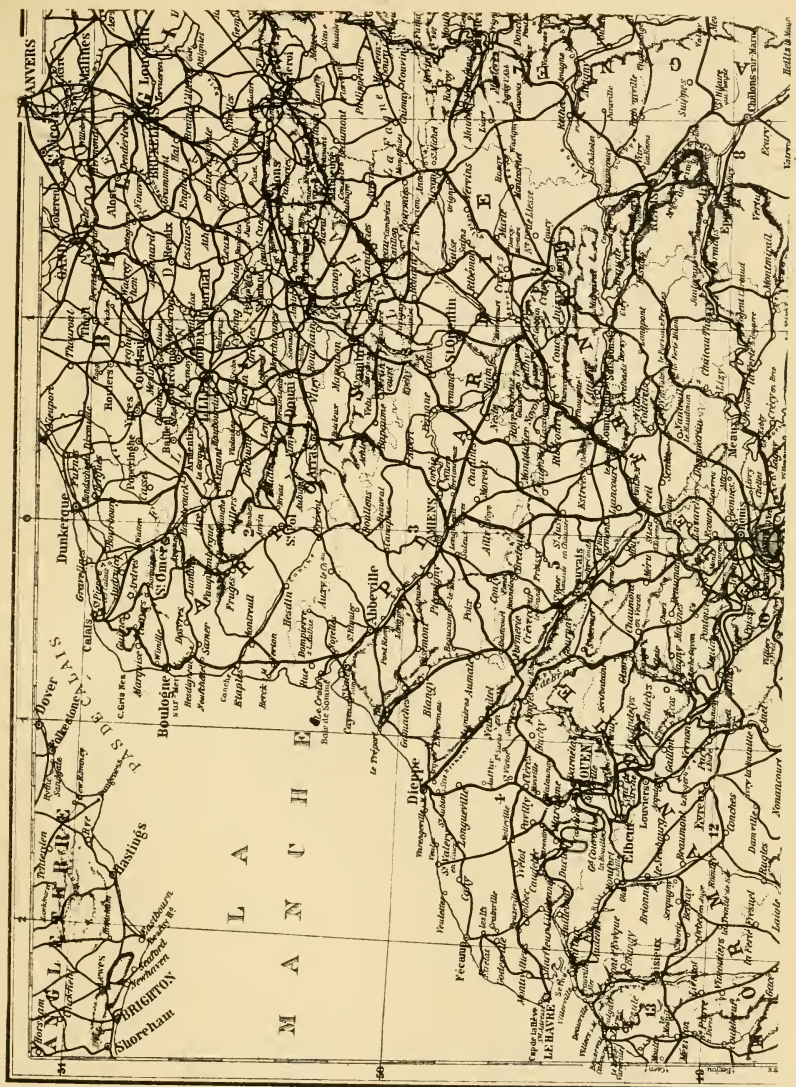
At Boulogne our passports were supplemented by a "Permis de Circuler par Véhicule Automobile B. No. 1041" to Havre, and signed by the Commanding General of the Department of the North. This slip of blue paper proved afterwards indispensable. Every one wanted to see the *permis* but hardly any one ever asked to see our passports. This formality over, we adorned the front of the "Dreadnaught" with a Belgian flag on the right side and the American flag on the left. Later, on our way to Paris, we replaced the Belgian flag with a French emblem, but Old Glory was never taken down during the entire trip.

We were now fairly and frankly in the War Zone. Martial law prevailed. The town was alive with British

soldiers. Some one told me there were a hundred and fifty thousand in this vicinity. Transports were constantly arriving and adding to the number. Here in Boulogne I first heard "Tipperary" sung by the British troops. It gave me a thrill. And during our stay here we saw the body of Lord Roberts being escorted by a large troop of soldiers to the boat for interment in England.

One of the first things we did was to lay in a large supply of cigarettes — fully a bushel and a half of them — for whatever the blue *permis* could not accomplish, the offer of a smoke to a tobacco-hungry soldier was bound to achieve. Although they were Turkish cigarettes, their hostile name did not prevent the recipient from enjoying them to the utmost. Throughout the trip, among Belgian refugees, English "Tommies," French "Gastons," African Turcos, and Indian Sikhs, these tiny Turkish emissaries overcame all opposition and instantly evoked a genial glow among those who should have been enemies.

Hotchkiss having urgent business with the Belgian government, on the 13th of November we pointed the nose of the "Dreadnaught" toward Havre, one hundred and fifty miles to the southwest, where, in a suburb of that city, Sainte Adresse, had been located the Belgian capital, since shortly after the occupation of Brussels by the Germans. That night we put up at Abbeville, fifty miles from Boulogne, resuming our journey bright and early the next day. We made Havre by evening and took rooms at the Hotel Métropole on the Boulevard



NORTHERN FRANCE AND PORTION OF FLANDERS

Strasbourg. Like Boulogne, Havre was full of British soldiers, most of whom were drilling on the plateau back of Sainte Adresse. While Hotchkiss busied himself with the officials, Allen and I amused ourselves talking to the British "Tommies" and French "Gastons." These latter were uniformly serious, dogged and determined. The gravity of the war had come home to them painfully, and they were fully a year ahead of the British in their comprehension of the full meaning of this titanic conflict.

While at Havre I had an interesting talk with an English colonel who had fought at Mons, where the Allies were so badly beaten.

"There were eighty thousand British at Mons," said he, "and we had no idea the Germans were near by. Suddenly and without warning we were attacked by an enormous mass of them. They appeared in the early morning, billowing across the plain like a swift, gray fog. In close, massed formation they fell upon our wire entanglements and our guns mowed them down in windrows. But for every man that fell it seemed as though two took his place. In spite of all we could do, we were compelled to retreat, and retreat hastily. Yet during this hurried falling back we didn't lose a gun, although thousands of lives were lost.

"Later we discovered a terrible mistake had been made. General French had sent a peremptory dispatch summoning a French army corps near by to support him. But this support never reached us, and I under-

stand the reason was that the French general commanding this corps had a German wife, who prevailed on him to delay sending reinforcements until it was too late to save the British. When this was discovered, the French general and his wife were both shot."

After two days we once more headed back towards the north-east, this time for Calais, where Hotchkiss had business. We broke the journey by again spending the night at Abbeville.

The whole region from Havre to Flanders was in the War Zone, so that we were continually stopped by French patrols who, with rifle at "port arms," stood in the road and shouted "Halte!" Then we would show our *permis*, which Hotchkiss had now had stamped at Havre with the necessary permission to go as far as Calais and Dunkirk. Although we were stopped fully a hundred and fifty times while in France, the patrols showed every courtesy. Invariably we would pass out a few cigarettes, which always evoked a grateful "Merci, monsieur."

From Abbeville to Calais, a seventy-five mile run, the roads were alive with British in khaki, French soldiers in their blue coats and red trousers — soon to be changed to a less conspicuous uniform — black Senegalese and Turcos, turbaned Sikhs, and gray armored automobiles bristling with weapons. All along the way trenches had been dug; in fact they had been prepared as far west as Havre, together with barbed wire entanglements, barricades, and other obstacles. Here and there whole

QUARTIER GÉNÉRAL
DE LA RÉGION DU NORD

PERMIS

de circuler par véhicule automobile B. N° 1041



Il est permis à M.

Walter Clark

demeurant en Angleterre

de se servir, au Nord, de ce genre automobile

N° 1041 A par la voie 1042

Signature

Age 48

Taille 1.75

Cat. yeux bleus

Sourcils

Barbe brune

Yeux bruns

Bouche brune

Moustache brune

Signes particuliers

Lois - la nuit

Le Quartier Général de la Région du Nord,

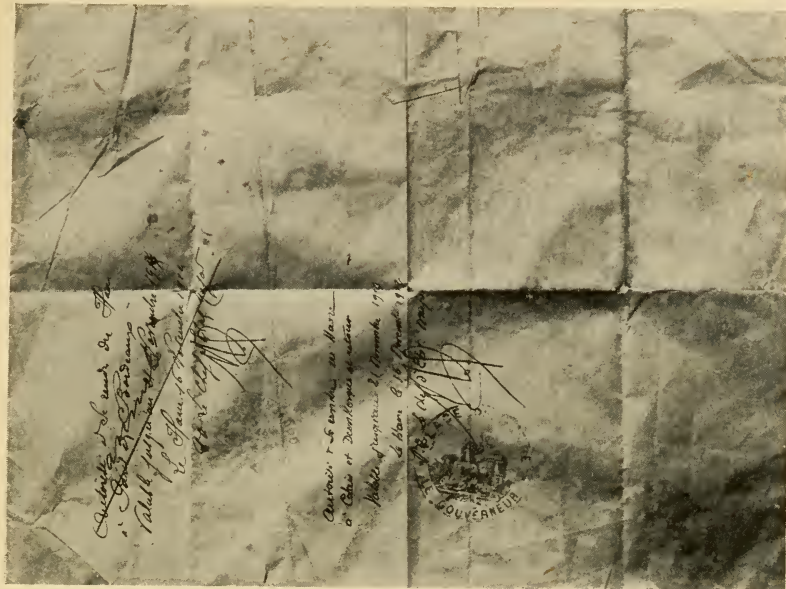
Sanctum le 13 Novembre 1914

Le Major Général,

P. D. Le Colonel de Service

Spencer

NOTA. - Le permis est réglementairement pu soumettre. Non seulement le conducteur mais encore les passagers de la voiture doivent être munis d'un permis. Il sera perimé s'il n'est pas affiché à l'intérieur de la voiture.



forests had been cut down, and in some villages certain portions had been leveled, to allow free play for the artillery. This was evidence that the Allies were preparing for a vigorous defence in case the Germans should manage to push through the lines which were then holding them.

Every few kilometers along the road barricades made of timber, earth and sand-bags overlapped one another in such fashion as to make it necessary for the car to describe a letter S in getting by. One afternoon at dusk, near Etaples, we were breezing along at fifty miles an hour when suddenly one of these barricades loomed directly in front. Not having time to shut off the power and apply the brakes, Allen made his S on two wheels, and escaped a serious collision only by a hair's breadth.

The many towns and villages through which we passed brought home to us much of the horror of warfare. They were all practically deserted; only a handful of old men, women and children was to be seen in any of them. Nearly all of the shops were closed. Business was at a standstill. But one of the pleasant features of the journey was the way the small boys received us. They would look hard at the American flag, then break into a smile and a cheer, and raise their hands to their caps in true military salute.

Just outside of Boulogne we overtook two peasants, one a middle-aged woman and the other her daughter, a girl of about nineteen. We stopped the car and asked them where they were going. As they turned to reply,

there was a look of real terror in their faces. For a moment they did not speak. Then Hotchkiss, in his kindest tones, explained in French who we were and where we were going, and told them that we should be very glad to help them on their way. Gradually the unnamed terror faded from their eyes. The older woman said they were bound for Calais, fifteen miles away. After a little more talk, they timidly consented to accept our proffer of assistance and got into the car. As the machine gathered speed the look of amazement and pleasure on their faces well repaid us for our invitation. It was evident that they had never before ridden in an automobile. It was equally plain that we were not exactly the kind of male creatures that had heretofore figured in their lives. Gradually they grew more at ease and chatted freely. The husband and son of the older woman were in the army, and the women had left their home in the country in order to be nearer their "men folks" at Calais. As we set them down at journey's end, about seven o'clock that evening, they thanked us profusely, tears of gratitude blinding their eyes. And I believe that Northern France now shelters at least two staunch and ardent female partisans of Uncle Sam.

CHAPTER SIX

Calais — German Airplane Threatens — Dunkirk — Belgian Boy
Heroes — Airplane Drops Bombs, Killing Others While We
Sleep — Furnes — Commandant Warns of Danger.

CALAIS was so full of British soldiers and Belgian refugees that there wasn't hotel room to be had. After we had gone the rounds we decided to spend the night in the car, and about ten o'clock drew up by the curbstone on one of the principal streets.

The "Invincible Three," as Hotchkiss called us, had just composed themselves for an uncomfortable night's sleep when a head was poked into the window and a quiet voice said:

"Mr. Hotchkiss, your face seems familiar to me."

Hotchkiss jumped up with a start, then leaped to the sidewalk and embraced the young man who had spoken. It was Harold, his son. The young man had been attracted by the sight of the American flag on the car, and was prompted to investigate. It seems that he had recently come to Calais from Nancy, where he lived, and was now quartered with his wife at one of the small hotels, the Hotel de Famille, 21 Rue de la Tête d'Or. Thither he conducted us, where we were grateful enough to find one unoccupied room containing one bed. The accommodation was not over ample, but for two nights

we were glad to sleep three in a bed in preference to the doubtful comfort of the motor-car.

The next morning I tried to get some money at the *Crédit Lyonnais* on my letter of credit. I was told that everything was under martial law and that no funds would be forthcoming. The resourceful Hotchkiss at once had the bank telegraph the Minister of War in Paris for permission to pay me whatever I required, but I could not expect a reply inside of two or three days. That, however, was better than I could have done for myself.

That afternoon, thanks to the efforts of Hotchkiss, we were permitted to visit the government ammunition works. Here a large gang of workmen was engaged in repairing old rifles and larger weapons which had been used up in the trenches. After going through the shops we sauntered into the yard, which was crammed with mortars, howitzers and machine guns. Our guide was just pointing out one of the largest pieces when suddenly a German airplane shot into view from the east. At first it was at a great height, but soon it came nearer, swooping down on us until it was only six or seven hundred feet overhead.

"It's a German plane. Look out for yourselves," shouted the guide.

I thought of bombs and instantly picked out the nearest and largest cannon for my own particular use in case anything should drop.

Just then I heard a great whirring directly back of

us. As I turned, there shot into the air three French airplanes which headed for the German at full speed. The enemy immediately turned tail and fled. He neither dropped a bomb nor fired a shot. Possibly he was merely on a scouting expedition.

On this occasion, in peaceful surroundings, in a normal frame of mind, unfortified for adventure, I was really scared. Yet later at Ypres, moving in the very midst of alarms and of actual danger, with nerves automatically steeled against whatever might befall, I found myself quite unperturbed.

The airplane seemed to stir Hotchkiss's love of adventure. He spoke up:

"Austin, do you and Allen want to hear the music?"

I knew what he meant and assented. And, in spite of the fact that he stood in great danger of having his car commandeered at the front, Allen was equally keen to push on to the firing line.

Our *permis* had been extended to cover Dunkirk and return. Even Hotchkiss could not prevail upon the officials to allow us to go further. However, he coolly said to me, "We'll get to the firing line yet, old boy; leave it to me." And so firm was my faith now in his marvelous resourcefulness that I hadn't a doubt he would make good.

The next day, the 19th of November, we decided to start for Dunkirk, twenty-nine miles away, our party the larger by two; for Harold Hotchkiss had decided to go along with us, and also George Milner, the sixteen-

year-old son of the American consul at Calais, a plucky chap and cool.

Our short trip to Dunkirk, which was reached in the evening, was full of incident. Repeatedly we gave soldiers a lift. Among them was a Belgian boy of thirteen, an undersized little chap, with an old man's face, who wore the uniform of a boy scout and carried a bandolier full of cartridges. We were astounded to learn that he had come through the fighting at Liège, Namur and Antwerp unscathed and that he was the very boy who, single-handed, had slain the Prince of Lippe at Liège.

The Prince, a man of forty-eight, riding alone near Liège, came upon the boy crossing a country estate. He seized the youngster and demanded that he give up the dispatches he was carrying. The boy's answer was a shot from his revolver. The Prince fell, mortally wounded. The boy escaped. For this deed the little chap received a medal of honor from his government. In a spirit of mingled pride and modesty, he showed us the medal.

Later we picked up Fernand Eymal, nineteen, another Belgian. He had been in the same battles as his younger compatriot, but had not escaped injury. His face and forehead showed where once the shrapnel had found him, and rifle wounds had twice left lifelong scars. He told us how his sister, Antoinette, sixteen years old, had left Liège and trudged all the way to Antwerp to be near him after he had been ordered to the defence of that city. Fernand had been in the motor-cycle serv-

ice and had just been promoted to the Aviation Corps, in which his father was serving.

Both these boys were full of enthusiasm and eager to get to the firing line again. Their attitude typified Belgium. Of all the nationalities I encountered, none seemed as keen for a "go" at the enemy as the subjects of King Albert.

Arriving at Dunkirk, close to the Belgian line, we made a search for rooms and were finally accommodated at a small inn called the "Brasserie Lilloise" in the "Place de la Gare." It was an humble edifice, part restaurant, part lodging-house, part bar. As we ate our supper we talked with the genial host, Louis Castelan. He said that while the heavy artillery at the front was in action, it could plainly be heard in Dunkirk; also that the day before a bomb from an aviator had fallen on a train three kilometers away, killing thirty or forty people. He told us that all the regular hotels in Dunkirk had been turned into asylums for refugees and hospitals for the wounded.

After supper Hotchkiss went to the Commandant's office to have our *permis* extended to include Furnes and Ypres. Although the officer was a personal friend of Hotchkiss he declined to give his official permission, but Hotchkiss succeeded in obtaining his oral leave to depart, in these significant words:

"Go as far as you like, old man, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

We felt extremely fortunate to get even a word-of-

mouth permission to pass beyond Dunkirk. There were a number of newspaper correspondents in Dunkirk who, hopelessly marooned, would have given a year's salary for what we, mere interlopers, had succeeded in corkscrewing out of the Commandant.

It was cold that night and we turned in early. We were all tired, and so we tucked ourselves into lowly cots and slept as soundly as hoboes in a haystack. How soundly, how thoroughly, how blissfully we didn't realize until the next morning.

Coming into the tap-room before daybreak, we heard excited voices. The natives were discussing the happenings of the previous night. Imagine the shock when we heard that at about half-past eleven a belligerent aviator had flown over the town and dropped a decidedly un-neutral bomb into the street only a few score feet from where we slept. It had killed one man and wounded five others. Yet not one of our party had heard anything. We hadn't even dreamed that German high society had dropped in during the night and left cards.

After thanking our lucky stars that the bomb had not fallen on us, we paid our bill and left before breakfast. This was the 20th day of November, 1914. It was destined to be the most exciting of my life.

Our destination was Furnes, the Belgian supply base twelve miles away. It was cold. Snow had fallen during the night and the ground was white. The road teemed with traffic. Going our way, bound for the front,

were again soldiers of all nationalities, as we had seen them between Abbeville and Calais — Turcos, Sikhs, Senegalese, French, Britons, and Belgians; big motor-trucks were lumbering on, laden with ammunition and supplies; armored passenger-cars hurried past us; and motor-cyclists whizzed by with dispatches.

Coming towards us was another kind of procession — an endless gray thread of motor-ambulances, showing a large red cross on either side, carrying the wounded to the base hospitals. Also there was a stream of Belgian refugees, with drawn, dulled faces, carrying all their earthly goods on their backs, or trundling them laboriously before them in push-carts or wheelbarrows.

Along the road we encountered almost numberless overlapping street barricades, with patrols at each, who always halted us, examined our credentials, and accepted with alacrity the cigarettes which seemed more potent than passports or even the blue *permis*. Everywhere were trenches, wire entanglements, and other obstacles to German progress, should the enemy ever have the mind and the means to come that way. Here and there a rude grave marked the hurried burial-place of some poor fellow who had died for home and country. And once we saw a burial. A passing motor-cyclist took a photograph of this unforgettable ceremony and sent me a print later on.

By eight o'clock we had reached Furnes — dull, dismal, dismantled and well-nigh depopulated. We found a typical Flemish inn, just off the market-place, with a typical

Flemish woman in charge, who served us a typical Flemish breakfast of black bread, raw onions, fried eggs and coffee. The incessant cannonading all the way from Nieuport to Dixmude and as far south-east as Ypres was plainly audible — Krupp's heavy artillery orchestra, Allen called it, booming forth its unending funeral march.

"Let's get a little nearer the fireworks, if we can," said Hotchkiss.

"Agreed!" said the rest. So Hotchkiss and I fared forth for the indispensable *permis* to the Commandant General's office. The General was in fatigue uniform and received us graciously. Hotchkiss knew of him and they at once chatted about their mutual friends. Having got the officer into a most genial mood, our doughty cicerone casually remarked:

"We have our car with us, General, and want to see the sights. We have decided to push on to the firing line. Just which point do you advise us to visit?"

Such nerve completely "flabbergasted" the Frenchman. It was nothing short of the most consummate impertinence on our part.

When he had recovered his breath, he said:

"This is a most extraordinary request, but I don't know but I will let you go, at that. Only, you must return before night. You'll need no written *permis*, for after you leave Furnes every one will know you're O. K.; otherwise you wouldn't have been allowed east of Furnes. Don't go to Nieuport or Dixmude, although they're only seven or eight miles away, for there is heavy fight-



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BELGIAN REFUGEES BETWEEN FURNES AND DUNKIRK



BURIAL OF A FRENCH SOLDIER NEAR FURNES

ing there today and both towns are on fire. Go to Ypres twenty miles south-east, where things are quieter. But don't forget you're going on a devilishly dangerous journey!"

So we fed the insatiable "Dreadnaught" with ten gallons of petrol, at three dollars and ten cents a gallon, and at half-past ten pointed her nose south-east towards Ypres, by Tommy Atkins yclept "Wipers."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Ypres Under Bombardment — Shell Hits Cathedral; We Narrowly Escape Death — Under Fire Between the French and German Lines — Arrested as Spies, Adjudged to be "Fools" and Sent Back.

AS we cautiously felt our way through Furnes, whose barricaded streets were further impeded with debris and great yawning holes made by exploding bombs and artillery shells, we passed on the right and left many huddled heaps of stone and mortar that had formerly been homes.

Once outside of the town, we realized that we had hit upon a rare day. Not a cloud in the sky, no wind, the thermometer at just about the freezing point, and the whole flat country, except where it had been flooded to hinder the German advance, mantled in an inch of snow. It was just the morning for a Nature-worshipper, but here all the appeal of Nature fell only upon ears deafened by the incessant roar of artillery, portent of Death and Destruction. At every discharge of one of the big guns, the ground trembled as if moved by an earthquake. And the procession still flanked us on either side, as it had all the way from Dunkirk to Furnes. Returning from the front, as always, were the everlasting gray



THE "DREADNAUGHT'S" BELGIAN FLAG

Red Cross ambulances, bearing to the hospitals their bleeding freight.

A short way from Furnes we saw an enormous pillar of smoke blackening the sky as it rose from burning Dixmude. None of us could tell whether the Allies or the Germans had control of the place. Not far from Ypres we crossed the Yser, for the possession of which the Germans had fought so long. And now for the first time, we noticed in the distance, high in the air, great fleecy smoke-clouds. They looked like enormous white balls of cotton, floating in the air. As each one appeared, we heard the sharp report of an explosion. It was the bursting shrapnel shells, those deadly devices which hurl down upon the enemy not only their own torn fragments, but hundreds of imprisoned bullets. So ceaseless was this shrapnel fire that at no time after we crossed the Yser until our return in the afternoon was the sky wholly free from these fleecy death clouds.

About noon we reached Ypres — or rather its corpse — once the capital of West Flanders. Before the war twenty thousand people lived here in peace and prosperity, most of them lace-makers. Now we could find in the place neither a single civilian nor a whole pane of glass. Not a store was open. Parts of the town were in flames. We stopped at one demolished house and took a look at the ruins.

Out of the rubbish I picked a little china image, marked "Nieuport Ville," of three Flemish children taking hold of hands and dancing — the sort of thing

that countless tourists have purchased for souvenirs all over Europe. By a miracle it had escaped the general destruction. It was the only unbroken object in the place, and is the only souvenir I brought from Ypres.

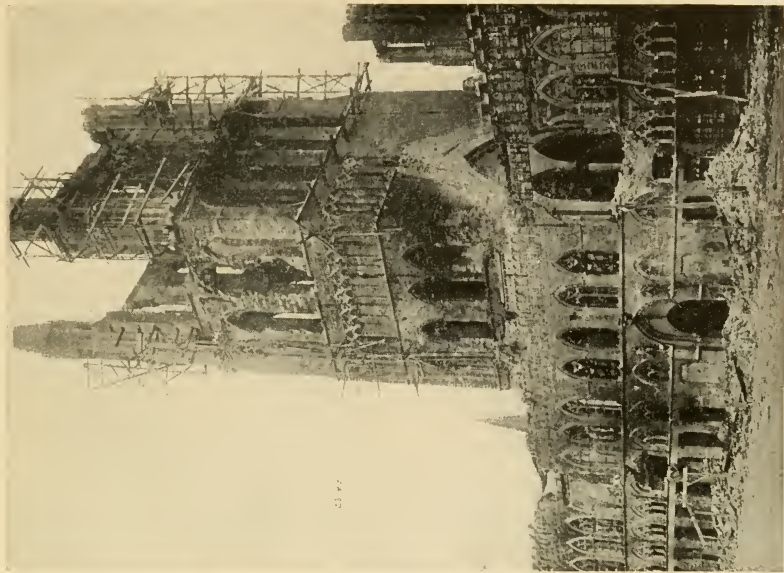
Frequently our car had to zigzag from side to side to avoid pitching into the great shell-craters. These enormous excavations often exposed the cellars of adjoining houses. Wherever a single shell from a "Jack Johnson" — the big German howitzer — had struck buildings had been demolished from garret to cellar. Others, hit by incendiary missiles containing celluloid, phosphorus and wax, were first partially demolished and then consumed in the ensuing fire. It would be hard to imagine more terrible havoc than Ypres showed everywhere.

Although we saw no civilians, soldiers threaded their tortuous way in and out of the dismantled buildings and scrambled over rubbish heaps and shell-holes. Most of these were French or British, with a sprinkling of Sikhs. Always they regarded our American flag intently, and always they made no comment. Ypres was no place for idle conversation.

We came at last to the famous Cloth Hall in the great market-place, that magnificent thirteenth-century Gothic structure, which had been ravaged by gun-fire and flames. Only the shell remained. In the ruined archways stood soldiers. On their faces was a noticeable expression of strained, anxious expectancy. We had noticed it before on the faces of the soldiers in the street,



THE CHINA IMAGE FROM YPRES



Copyright, International News Service
THE CATHEDRAL, YPRES

and we had wondered what it meant. Soon we were to find out.

The car moved on, picking its way gingerly between yawning holes and hillocks of brick and mortar. Presently as we approached St. Martin's Cathedral, an impressive Gothic building of the fourteenth century, a roaring, screaming shell of heavy calibre hurtled through the air and crashed into the massive stone wall fifty feet from the ground, not a hundred yards ahead of us. Now we knew what the soldiers had been expecting. Ypres was being bombarded!

When the shell struck, there was a deafening roar — like a thousand tons of coal being shot all at once down a gigantic iron chute. We saw smoke and falling masonry. Our car was slewed violently to one side. Dense smoke and clouds of dust rose from the ruins. Allen shut off the engine and applied the brakes. The car was dead. Then he turned to Hotchkiss.

“Have we gone far enough?”

“No,” said Hotchkiss, Harold, his son, and Milner in one breath. Hotchkiss continued:

“Take that street to the right and keep on.”

“Oh, very well,” said Allen. “This is my car, you understand, but if you say the word, I'll drive it straight to Hell.”

“That's not far to go, old man,” replied Hotchkiss; “we're within about six inches from it right now, so go ahead and we'll have a look at the Old Boy himself.” And on we went.

Strange to say, none of us was frightened. We seemed to be automatically keyed up to encounter almost any kind of surprise. I wasn't nearly so upset as I had been the day before at Calais, when the German airplane swooped down on us.

We moved out of Ypres about one o'clock, forgetting all about eating. In fact, if we had wanted food, we should have been obliged to borrow it from the soldiers. We again found ourselves in the country, on the road to Roulers, still heading for the first line of trenches.

"Shall we go any farther?" asked Hotchkiss.

"Keep straight on," was the unanimous vote.

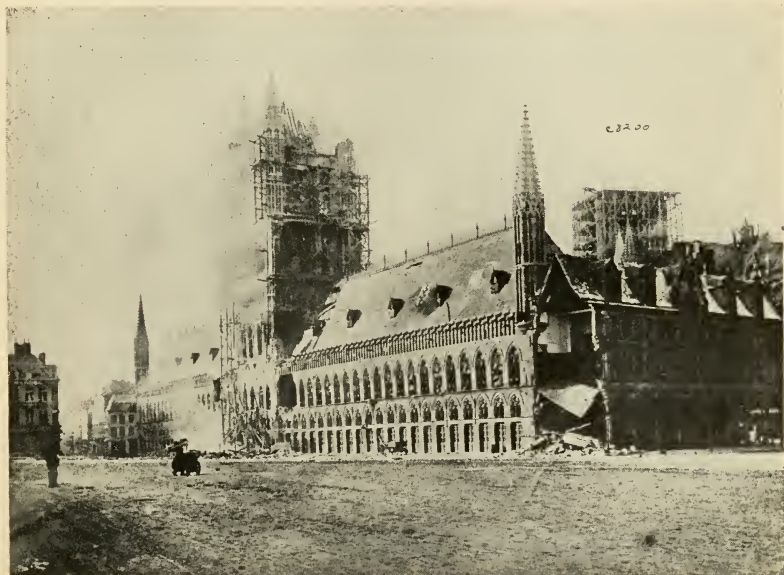
So on we went, six and a half miles, while "cannon to right of us, cannon to left of us volleyed and thundered." On both sides were parallel lines of supporting trenches, to which the soldiers at the extreme front could retire if necessary. They were well concealed, but occasionally possible of detection. Now and then we came upon a house shattered by gun-fire, the surrounding trees splintered and scarred.

As we advanced amid the din of cannonading, we suddenly realized that there was gun-fire behind us. Overhead we could hear the whining of shells as they passed from the French to the German side of battle. To me the noise of these shells was not unlike the distant sound of a siren whistle on a fire-engine. We craned our necks to see where this firing was coming from, but so cleverly were the guns concealed that we couldn't get a glimpse of them.



Illustrated London News, 1914

SHELL HOLE, YPRES, NOVEMBER, 1914



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THE CLOTH HALL, YPRES, NOVEMBER, 1914

Not one of us had the remotest idea where we were going. Yet we all seemed bent on keeping on until something — we knew not what — should stop us. No one spoke. But all our faculties were keenly alive. Nothing that could be seen or heard escaped us.

At ten kilometers from Ypres we ran straight into the arms of a French patrol. With fixed bayonet, we were halted by a bearded "Poilu," who wore the red cap and trousers and blue coat of the infantry. I remember that at the time I mentally criticized the stupidity of a government which would garb its soldiers in such a ridiculously conspicuous uniform. However, this person had news for us. Addressing Hotchkiss, he said:

"You are now beyond the main advanced trenches of the Allies. You see those trees in the distance, where the road curves? That spot marks the farthest advance trench from the German lines. The enemy's trenches are less than half a kilometer away."

This was cheering news! Here we were, actually caught between the firing lines, and as liable to be "potted" by a French or English as by a German missile. As we listened, we still heard the firing behind us. We also heard it in front of us. And we knew the patrol had spoken the truth.

For the first time I now noticed a handsome stone building to the left of the road, surrounded by a garden, with a summer-house and stables. It was the sort of dwelling that might have belonged to some wealthy land owner. There were no other dwellings near by. How it

had escaped German shells, I have no idea. From this house there came an officer. Stepping up to the car, and speaking as politely as he knew how — and the French are always polite — he told us we must be considered prisoners of war.

“What are you doing out here anyway?” he asked.

Hotchkiss explained frankly that we were “only on a tour of adventure.”

“Do you know it is very dangerous here?” asked the officer.

“Well, we can stand it if you can,” smiled Hotchkiss.

The officer, though plainly puzzled, came to a decision quickly. He would search our persons in his politest French manner, examine our credentials, and, if we were found free from suspicion, send us back to Ypres in the most polished Parisian fashion. So each one of us handed him the blue *permis*, but on examining them, of course, he found that they were good only from Havre to Dunkirk. Looking very serious, he declared this demanded a thorough explanation. Hotchkiss accordingly retired to the building with the officer to act as our spokesman — and hostage, while at the wheel of the car, like a footman in attendance on royalty, stood our fully armed sentinel, posted there to prevent our escape. The eye of the warrior was upon us, and the glint of the sun on his bayonet made us nervous. We began to feel cramped and fidgety and faint.

“Would the sentry permit the gentlemen to stretch their legs?”

“Certainement, messieurs.”

And so the “messieurs” piled out of the car in a hurry and strolled up and down the road and sauntered into the fields and gazed and gaped at those round white balls of darning cotton overhead — with the deadly steel in them. We looked for all the world like open-mouthed “rubes” fascinated by the ground and lofty tumbling at a country circus. To me it seemed only a Fourth of July fireworks display. The smoke puffs against the blue background made a beautiful picture.

At one time I started to count them. I had counted as far as eleven, all of which had appeared practically at the same moment, when there was a distinct thud in the road behind us. A piece of shrapnel had struck uncomfortably near.

Soon after young Milner wandered off into the field “to get a better view.” Suddenly there was a loud report two hundred feet over his head. He came scurrying back.

“Never touched me,” he said, laughing. But I saw on his coat and trousers some of the mud the pattering bullets had sent up.

Besides the lesser sounds of shrapnel fire, there was the frequent roar of the heavier artillery, followed by the singing of the projectile as it sped through the air above us, too rapidly to be seen, but disquietingly audible. There were moments that were almost deafening when, all at once, we could hear the scream of flying projectiles, the explosions of shrapnel and the deep

booming of howitzers. Occasionally we spoke to the sentinel on guard by the car, feeding him the while with cigarettes. He told us that fifteen minutes before we arrived, a large shell had exploded just back of the house.

Presently from the direction of Ypres came sounds of hard riding. We turned and saw a French cavalry captain. He dismounted and approached us. But although he was French, he was not polite. Neither was he pleasant.

"What are you doing here?" he roared.

Harold Hotchkiss, who spoke French as well as his father, replied:

"We're merely sightseers."

"Well, you're a pack of damned fools," roared the captain, or words to that effect. "Get back into that automobile!"

This was the one and only time we heard harsh language anywhere in Flanders or in France.

We meekly climbed aboard the "Dreadnaught," as the captain stalked into the headquarters building. We felt humbled, crestfallen. But we knew we deserved the treatment we had received. For what right, title or interest had we, a parcel of hare-brained tourists, in making this thoroughly irregular excursion to the seat of war? We had long suspected that possibly we might be intruding. After the captain's speech, we *knew* we were.

We had to stay now, sulking in the limousine — like Achilles in his tent. At the right front wheel gleamed the bayonet of our jailer, ready to shoot at the drop of

a hat, in the name of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

At the end of a session lasting an hour and a half, Hotchkiss reappeared, accompanied by two officers. He was smiling. This heartened us immensely. We were free! But we learned that we were to return to Ypres, straightway. That much was final, undebatable. So we doled out the last of our cigars and cigarettes to all hands, were thanked effusively and faced about for Ypres.

I was convinced that Hotchkiss had had a pretty uncomfortable session during that hour and a half's grilling. There he was, all alone, trying to explain the unexplainable presence of a party of civilian motorists, within striking distance of the enemy's lines. The fact is, we were suspected spies. And if it had not been for our spokesman's incomparable tact and diplomacy, I hate to think what might have befallen us.

As the "Dreadnaught" gathered headway, I asked Hotchkiss just what had happened. He rolled an unlighted cigar in his lips a moment, and then replied:

"I'd rather not tell you — just now. After the war is over, you may ask me."

But I shall never know. On May 7, 1915, he went down with the *Lusitania*.

CHAPTER EIGHT

In the Belgian Field Hospital at Furnes — Dunkirk Again —
Pat Buries a Live German — Havre — Rouen — I Reach Paris
with Fourteen Cents.

ON the way back, after passing through Ypres, we stopped for a bite at Furnes. We had eaten nothing since breakfast and were famished.

After examining some captured mud-covered German mortars in the market-place, we noticed, standing near by, two tall, black Senegalese. They wore the customary red turban, loose blue coat and baggy trousers, once white, now dingy gray. One carried a large round bundle, wrapped in newspapers. We asked him what he had.

"A Boche's head," he answered, in broken English.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Cut him off live Boche," the fellow answered, making a gesture like cutting his throat.

But when we pressed him to show us his grisly trophy, he refused to undo the wrappings.

His companion was munching a large chunk of bread.

"What did you do to the Boches?" Hotchkiss asked him.

"Me cut off Boche's ears," he replied.

"Where are the ears?"

"Here," said the black man, pointing to his right-hand pocket.

"Show 'em to us," we chorused.

"No — no show 'em," he stubbornly replied.

And that's the nearest I ever got to proving — or disproving — any of the "atrocities" stories which were flying about everywhere.

And, a minute later, when the fellow with the "ears" in his pocket jammed into that same pocket the remains of his half-eaten loaf, I began to question his veracity as a scholar and a gentleman of color.

We then made a call at the Belgian Field Hospital, a three-minutes walk from the square. We thought we'd give Doctor Beavis, our London acquaintance, a surprise. As we trooped into the hospital, the Doctor was bending over a patient. In response to our salutation he straightened up — and nearly fell over backward.

"You certainly made good your boast," said he.

The hospital, once a convent school, had been built round a quadrangle. We found it well equipped, scrupulously clean, and in perfect working order. The patients were the seriously wounded and those needing immediate attention. We saw several poor fellows who had been hit by shrapnel and who hadn't long to live. Practically all were shrapnel victims; there was only one case of a bayonet wound in the hospital.

Pointing to a bandaged figure lying in a cot, Doctor

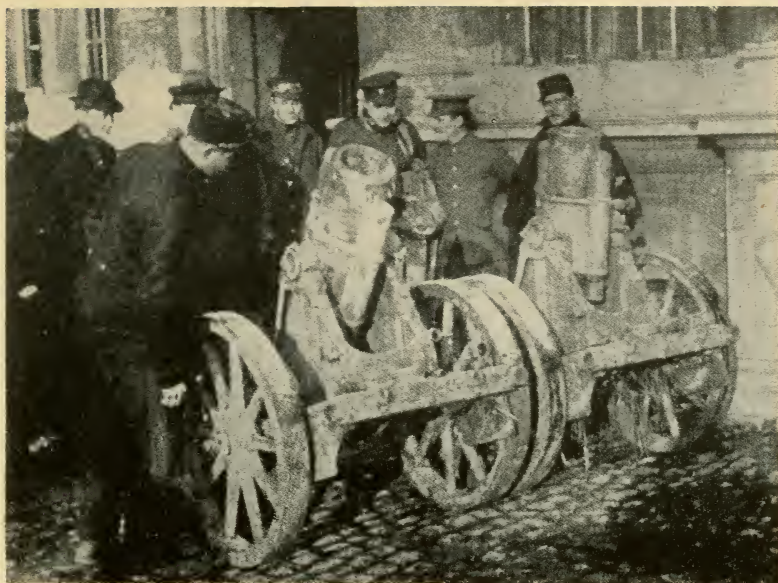
Beavis said: "Here's our pet case. This man, with nineteen inches of his intestines removed, is convalescing!"

The sufferer was a Belgian, and, like all the rest, "wanted to get back to the firing line right away." In spite of his terrible experiences he was as cheerful as a pickaninny in a watermelon patch.

Elsewhere were men and youths in all stages of bodily distress and disrepair. But neither from the operating tables, where the blood-letting was profuse, nor from the cots, where white-robed sufferers writhed in agony, did I hear a murmur or a groan. No matter how they suffered, those who had their wits were silent. Only the delirious raved. "Cannon food!" These chaps who endured the carnage of battle and of surgery without moan or whimper were real *Men*. And if you really crave the sensation of doing just a little bit of good in the world, you should hand a cigar or a cigarette to one of them and note the smile, the light in the face, the satisfied sigh, as he inhales the first whiff.

As we bade farewell to Doctor Beavis, more ambulances rolled up and discharged their broken, bleeding cargoes at the door. I was told that so thick and fast were they coming in that there weren't cots enough to go around, and that late arrivals would have to be laid on the floor on straw.

We got back to the market-place in the nick of time to salute King Albert. He had just motored in from the front, accompanied only by his chauffeur. It was characteristic of this democratic, humane and modest monarch



Illustrated London News, November, 1914

CAPTURED GERMAN MORTARS IN THE SQUARE AT FURNES



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KING ALBERT (LEFT) SALUTING IN THE SQUARE AT FURNES

that he had forbidden all cheering or kow-towing whenever and wherever he went. And so there was no demonstration in Furnes that day — only a silent touching of the cap by those who stood near when he left his car and walked into Headquarters.

The King wore a simple fatigue uniform, that of a Belgian colonel. There were no medals on his breast, nor any trappings about his person that even suggested royalty. I couldn't help contrasting this simple, unostentatious ruler, who goes in and out among his people, a man among men, with the Prussian War Lord, whose every appearance in public calls for pomp, ceremony and demonstration. And I couldn't help remembering, with a thrill, that while Wilhelm is purely a product of autocratic monarchy, Albert once lived among us the everyday life of an American citizen.

Hurrying along to Dunkirk, we again put up at the Brasserie Lilloise, where we were to pass the night. In the grubby little tap-room of the inn we picked up a good story from a British officer.

After one of the unsuccessful assaults on the Allies' trenches at the Battle of Ypres, a company from one of the Irish regiments was sent out to bury the German dead. Pat and Mike were picking up the corpses and, with scant ceremony, heaving them into the open graves. Presently, as Pat picked up one dead German and started off with him, another, just beneath, began to move. He lifted his head, and said in broken English:

"Ach, mein Gott! Don't bury me, Herr Soldier! I'm

wounded, but not dead — not dead! Verstehen Sie nicht?"

Pat looked at him a minute and then called out to Mike:

"Faith, Moike, here's a damned German wot claims he ain't dead!"

And Mike called back:

"Don't ye belave him, Pat! Thim Germans is all liars. He's as dead as the rist. Shovel him in."

The next morning we pushed on to Calais and this time fortunately found rooms at the Grand Hotel, one of the best in the city. I immediately visited the Crédit Lyonnais and found that the War Department had telegraphed the requested permission from Paris for the bank to pay me on my letter of credit. I therefore drew what I thought enough money to get me to Paris comfortably.

In the reading-room of the hotel I made the acquaintance of an Englishman, A. Ronald Trist, of London, whom business had brought over to France. He was anxious to get to Paris and we were glad to have him accompany us, for since Harold Hotchkiss and young Milner left us here, the acquisition of a new passenger did not incommode us. We found Trist a very companionable fellow. He told us that he had succeeded in getting to Nieuport and reported that the Cathedral there had been "smashed to smithereens," but that in the midst of the debris lay the marble statue of Christ, absolutely unscathed.

We reached Abbeville that evening and the next day

were again in Havre, where Hotchkiss had further business. We put up at the Hotel Bordeaux in the Place Gambetta.

On November 24th we started bright and early for Paris, one hundred and forty miles distant, by way of Rouen. Repeatedly we gave soldiers and peasants a lift — a pleasant experience for us and for them. At Rouen we lunched, looked at the Cathedral of Notre Dame and the Church of St. Ouen, and talked a bit about Joan of Arc. Pushing on, we admired the beautiful rolling country between Rouen and Paris, all in a high state of cultivation and continually unfolding to our view a perfect panorama of peasant thrift. But in spite of its seeming prosperity we frequently passed through towns and villages where long lines of applicants for food made up the bread line which the government had already instituted as a measure of preparedness against want. At Fleury and Gisors we saw British soldiers, some being drilled in manoeuvres, others playing football. Everywhere we noticed signs in English directing travelers where to go, newly erected for the benefit of the "Tommies."

When we got to Paris at dusk, I examined my purse. Due to certain impromptu hospitality on the road, I found I had left just fourteen cents! Nevertheless, I acted upon the recommendation of our friend Trist and went straight to the Hotel Burgundy, Rue Duphot, near the Place de la Madeleine. Trist knew the proprietor, from whom he promised a cordial reception, which was

promptly forthcoming. It was a small house and the serving staff was kind and considerate, though heavily depleted by the war. Thirteen of the male employees were gone and women now ran the elevators and waited on table.

Hiring a room with a bath, I decided to indulge in a good, hot tub, especially as I had not had one since leaving London. Turning on the faucet marked "Chaud," imagine my disappointment when it turned out to be "froid" — and freezing "froid" at that. On inquiry, I learned that so many men had gone to the front that there was no one in the house to look after the fires that heated the water.

"Only another of the Horrors of War," I said to myself, as I drew a tubful of ice-water and plunged in.

CHAPTER NINE

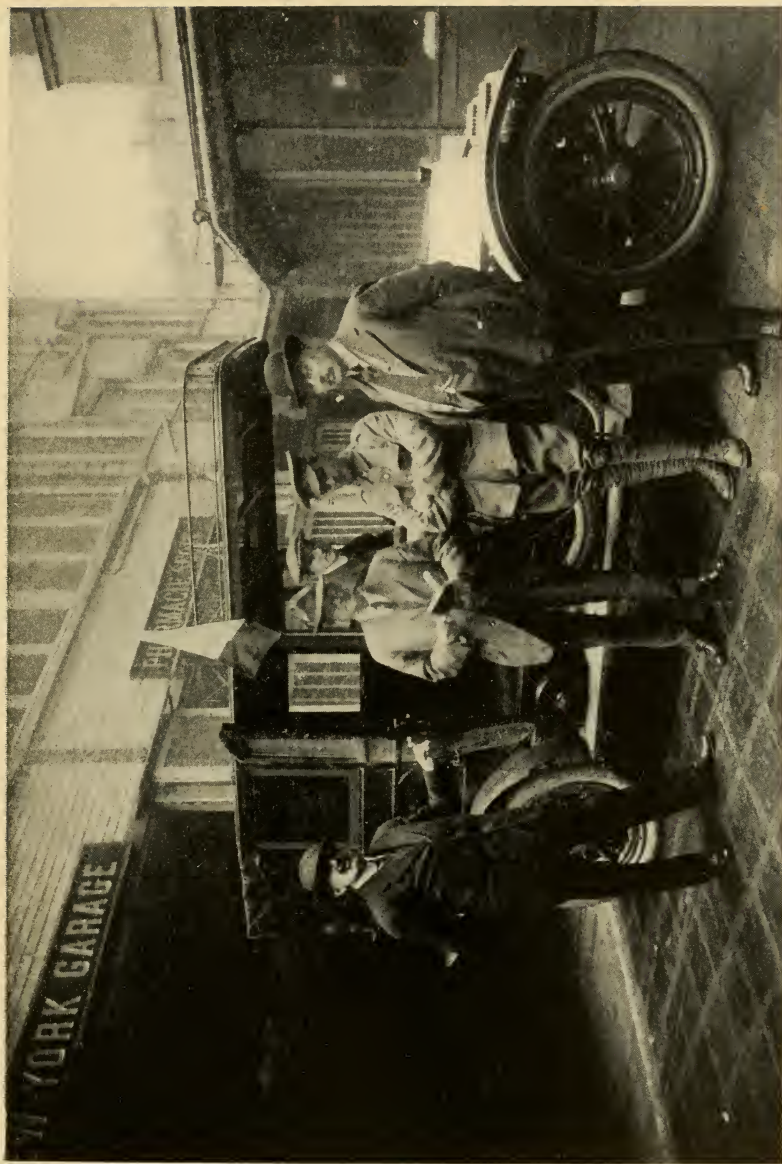
Paris — Buying German War Trophies — Havre — The “Dreadnaught” Commandeered — Comes Back Branded — Taken for a Whiskey Peddler — Held up at the Dock — Sail from Liverpool — Mine Explosion Barely Misses Ship — Home Before Christmas — I Win My Wager.

PARIS showed the effects of war upon the nation much more than London or Berlin. All the shops were suffering from the prevailing scarcity of male help. Many of them were shuttered, with placards conspicuously setting forth the fact that they were “Closed. Parties Gone to the War.” In the places that remained open, little business was being done. Only two months before, the Germans were at the very gates of the city. None knew when they might return. The shadow of a great tragedy was on everything. But from the windows of the buildings, in the crisp autumn breeze waved the flags of the Allied Nations. Every one tried to appear cheerful. But, under the smile, you felt the heart-ache. Wounded soldiers hobbled along the streets, though they were not so numerous as in Berlin. Troops were being drilled in every available spot, while others, having finished their preparatory courses, marched off to the front under heavy equipment.

Repeatedly I passed women in mourning. I asked a Parisian if this necessarily meant that they had all lost relatives at the front. He replied, "No," but explained that, as France was fighting for its very life, the women thought it patriotic to wear black for their bleeding, suffering country.

The city was in a thorough state of defence. After dark monster searchlights on the Eiffel Tower and elsewhere searched the gloom, trying to disclose the whereabouts of hostile Zeppelins. The so-called Paris "night life" had disappeared. All theatres were closed. Only here and there the humble "movie" held forth. However, before I left, the famous Moulin Rouge was reopened. We thought the occasion would be worth seeing, but when we went to get tickets, we found a long line of applicants filling the street for fully a block. It was clearly a time for bribery and corruption, so instead of waiting in line, I approached the official in charge, slipped a five-franc piece into his hand, and asked for five good seats. He whispered my request to the box-office attendant, who immediately passed out five seats in the front row in the balcony, for which I paid the prevailing rates. The intensely patriotic show, which evoked much enthusiasm, I was glad enough to see, but if I had waited for my turn in the line I should never have got in.

The next day I came upon a most interesting sight — a large squad of boys, who had taken possession of the Champs Elysées and, equipped with sticks, were manoeu-



Photograph by H. C. Ellis, Paris

THE " DREADNAUGHT " AT THE NEW YORK GARAGE, PARIS, NOVEMBER, 1914
Left to right: E. B. Hotchkiss, Author, A. J. Allen, J. C. Payne, A. Ronald Trist.

vering and drilling with great enthusiasm. There wasn't a youngster in the lot over twelve years of age, and some of them were not more than six or seven.

At Cook's I hired a guide, an Englishman, and told him I wanted as a souvenir a German helmet. We took a taxi and for some time scurried about unavailingly. There was a law prohibiting the sale of such things to strangers. Finally, I located one shop where the proprietor was willing to "take a chance." From him I purchased a German artillery officer's helmet in its hat-box. Inside was the name "Frank," and the insignia on the front showed him to be a member of an artillery corps from the Grand Duchy of Baden. The box and helmet had been found, together with all his other luggage, at Meaux, on September 6th, from which place the Germans had been forced to retreat precipitately. I also secured a German private soldier's overcoat, found at Berry-au-Bac, September 20th. The owner of this, too, had written his name on the lining: "Musketier Polchow, 12 Kompagnie." Then I bought a French general's cap, decorated with red and gold braid, inside which was written: "General Lallement." And I picked up some exploded shells, from the German artillery, and some of the wicker baskets for carrying the shells.

On the 27th I drove with Allen to the American Embassy to see our Ambassador, the Hon. Myron T. Herrick, to whom I had a letter of introduction from the Hon. Winslow Warren of my home town, Dedham Mass. He received us very graciously, though I dare

say he had a thousand important matters to attend to, for this was his last day in office, and Mr. Sharpe would succeed him on the morrow. Mr. Herrick had endeared himself to the hearts of all Frenchmen, and from the way he spoke I knew he sorely regretted giving up his post. But since "to the victor belong the spoils" the Republican appointee had to give way to the choice of a Democratic President. When the Germans were battering their way toward the gates of Paris, Mr. Herrick alone, of all the foreign ambassadors and ministers, stuck to his post in Paris, refusing to go to Bordeaux when the French seat of government was removed to that city.

That same afternoon I met the Secretary of the Legation, Mr. Robert W. Bliss, who has continued the splendid work with Mr. Sharpe that he began with Mr. Herrick. Also I had the pleasure of meeting the Hon. Robert Bacon, former Ambassador to France, who kindly permitted us to visit the American Ambulance at Neuilly, which had done so much for the French wounded and for which the French nation will ever be grateful. After we had gone through the different wards where the wounded were being cared for, I went to an American photographer, a Mr. H. C. Ellis, and had him make photographs at the hospital, two of which are reproduced in this book. As a result of the splendid activities of Ambassador Herrick and the American Ambulance, Americans were everywhere treated with great courtesy, not to say enthusiasm.



NURSES AT AMERICAN AMBULANCE, NEUILLY



AUTO AMBULANCES AT AMERICAN AMBULANCE, NEUILLY

Now that I had seen the capitals of three of the five great European nations which were at war, I thought that I might as well return to America in time for Christmas. Finding that the Cunarder *Transylvania* was scheduled to sail from Liverpool on December 5th, I decided to take passage on her. Accordingly, on November 29th, Hotchkiss, Allen and I started for Havre by the same route we had come. Leaving very early and stopping only at Pontoise, where we breakfasted and wrote post-cards home, we made Havre that night, where we again invoked the hospitality of the Hotel Bordeaux.

In front of the hotel we had an unpleasant shock. Noticing the car, a French officer stepped up and told us, in courteous but firm language, that he should have to commandeer it in the name of the government. We expostulated in vain. He said he wanted it only for "a short time." Allen saw that it was no use to resist, so he grudgingly accepted the receipt offered by the officer, who immediately hopped in and drove off, leaving us no longer motorists, but simple pedestrians. We didn't see the car for two days. And if Hotchkiss and Allen hadn't gone to the British Ambassador to Belgium, at Sainte Adresse, and put up a vigorous protest, it is doubtful if the car would ever have turned up. The diplomat began to pull wires with such good effect that the car was speedily returned. It could easily be seen that it had had a hard forty-eight hours. It looked as if it had at least been to Paris and back. It was covered with

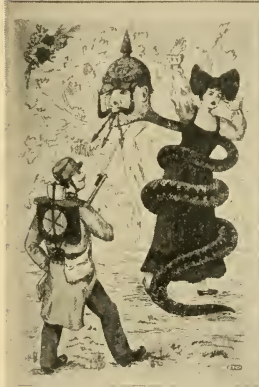
the accumulated stains of travel; and across the paneled back, which afforded an excellent marking surface, an exultant foreigner had traced the words, "Vive la France!" The gritty, sticky, oily dust, thus rubbed into the varnish, could not be removed, even by repeated washings. Doubtless it was meant to express the French officer's pride of possession. It was as indelible as a stock-breeder's brand on a Texas pony. When Allen met me in London a year later, I could still plainly discern that "Vive la France!" — ineradicable souvenir of its brief career in the service of the Republic.

The delay in returning the car and certain business transactions of Hotchkiss detained us in Havre four days. Each morning we would go down to the docks and watch the arrival of the British transports, loaded with infantry and artillery, whose safe passage across the Channel was substantial proof of the efficacy of the British Navy in affording protection against German interference. As the soldiers marched through the streets they invariably started singing "Tipperary." Now and then some one would shout: "Are we downhearted?" and a thundering "No!" would boom from the throats of the entire regiment. The French populace cheered them wildly.

One day an English non-com. sergeant major asked me, very humbly, if I would buy him a bottle of Scotch whiskey.

"Why don't you get it yourself?" I asked.

He replied that the privates and non-coms. of the



POST-CARDS, PARIS, NOVEMBER, 1914

British Army were forbidden to buy spirituous liquors in France; they could have only light beers and wines.

"But you see, sir," so he explained, "there's sickness in my battalion and I need the whiskey for medicinal purposes."

As the story seemed plausible, and as I knew that civilians could buy what they liked, I took his four shillings, purchased the whiskey and handed it to him. He thanked me and gave me in exchange an army knife and some cartridge clips.

Before daylight next morning I was awakened by a low but persistent murmuring outside my window. I arose and looked out. The street in front of the hotel was literally filled with "Tommies." When I was dressed and went down stairs, the plump landlady told me what was up.

"You see, sir, the soldiers are waiting for you. Every man Jack of them has got four shillings in his hand, and wants you to buy him a bottle of Scotch whiskey."

I "beat it" for my room without further parley. Nor did I venture forth until the whiskey famine victims had disappeared. It was evident that my sergeant-major friend had not confined his use of the contraband to "medicinal purposes," and that he had spread the good news to such an extent that I was in imminent danger of becoming a regular "pocket peddler" against my will!

Another soldier I met was Sergeant Rouchy, later an officer in the Chasseurs Alpins, stationed at Grenoble,

France. He borrowed my German helmet and was photographed in it. "My sweetheart will be proud of this picture," he said.

It was now December 3d, and the time for leaving was rapidly approaching. So Allen and I started in the car for the dock. Hotchkiss also came along to bid us good-bye at the steamer. He was to sail later from Havre for New York on the *Touraine*. At the dock there was a long line of people waiting for the examination of their papers and other formalities. Hotchkiss therefore decided to return to the hotel, remarking casually, "You'll have no trouble, so I guess I'll go along." We shook his hand and bade him Godspeed, with a poignant sense of indebtedness for all he had been to us. Thus departed one of the Invincible Three. A year later I saw Allen in London, and in the interim I saw Hotchkiss in Boston. But his death the following May loosed the three-strand thread of a friendship that can never be wholly reunited.

The Channel boats left Havre for Southampton each night at midnight. I had previously had my passport viséd by the American consul, but at the dock I found that it would again have to be viséd by the British Consul-General. For this ceremony, as I have stated, there was a long line in waiting. When my turn came, I presented my passport to the consul. He glanced at it carelessly and was about to stamp it and pass me, when a keen-eyed Frenchman, with an enormous black moustache, who stood at his side, suddenly laid an accus-

ing forefinger on the tell-tale German seals which the Teutonic official at Rotterdam had affixed, nearly five weeks before.

"What does this mean?" asked the consul, glaring at me.

"It means I've been to Berlin," said I.

"What did you go there for?"

"Well, you see, Consul, it was this way. Over at home one day I made a bet with a classmate of mine, William —, of Boston — the wager being a box of cigars — that I could not only get to England and France, but even to Germany, and be back again in Boston before Christmas. So, in order to win my bet, you'll have to pass me right along, because I've got to hurry to catch the *Transylvania*."

I felt satisfied that I had pulled the thing off quite *à la Hotchkiss*; my "nerve" would get me by. But the consul gloomily shook his head and ordered me to "go back and sit down" until further orders. So I stayed there until quarter of twelve, at which hour the last applicant for permission to cross was disposed of. In the cheerless, dimly lighted, cold freight shed I sat, perched on a box, cooling my heels and longing for good old Hotchkiss to come along and help me out. But he was far away, arranging for his own transportation. Allen, to be sure, was still with me, but his car being on board, he would be obliged to accompany it to England. It was certain that if I were not allowed to proceed I should miss the *Transylvania* at Liverpool, could never

reach home before Christmas — and should forfeit a perfectly good box of cigars.

At a quarter of twelve the consul beckoned to me. As I approached with a more or less disconsolate air, he and the Frenchman both smiled; then without a word being spoken, my passport was viséd and handed back to me, and I ducked aboard in a hurry. I found out afterwards that the Frenchman had spent over two hours telephoning to my hotel and to the American consul at his residence. He had even telegraphed my hotel at Paris. Finally, after he had got Hotchkiss on the telephone, that good angel once more came to my rescue and with his persuasive tact prevailed upon the officials to let me sail.

In ten hours we were at Southampton, where I noticed on the dock thousands of army tents ready for shipment to France. I wanted very much to go to the South-Western Hotel, where my father died in 1895, but finding it given over to the army officers as barracks, we pushed on for London immediately, arriving there at mid-afternoon. As the steamer was to sail at midnight from Liverpool, I hadn't much time to draw money at the bank and secure passage. But with the aid of Allen, who shot me round the city in his car, I succeeded in drawing enough from the bank, although it was after closing time, and engaging a vacant cabin at the Cook Agency. After a warm good-bye to Allen, of whom I had become very fond, I just managed to catch the night train for Liverpool, from which port the *Transylvania*

sailed very early on the morning of December 5th — bound for home at last.

The first night out, during a heavy gale off the Irish coast, about three o'clock there came a terrific explosion, which awakened every one on the ship. I immediately rose and looked out. Heads were sticking out of every other door, and the corridors were filling with people. Presently an officer appeared and, calmly announcing that it was "only a thunder clap," implored the passengers to return to their berths. As the boat seemed to be behaving normally, most of them became reassured and turned in again. As for me, I slipped into an overcoat and strolled on deck. I at once began to doubt the thunderstorm story, for looking carefully about, I failed to find a cloud in the sky. Moon and stars were shining brightly. Next morning the truth leaked out. The wash from the ship's bow had brought two mines violently together and they had both exploded about twenty-five feet off the port side — where my cabin was located. Flying fragments had even knocked down part of the forward railing and a piece of the mine had fallen on deck. When we docked in New York, we found that the news of this explosion had preceded us. Newspaper men clambered aboard to get the detailed story of our narrow escape, and that evening's New York and Boston papers contained lurid accounts of the "near-tragedy."

After reading one of these accounts, I glanced at the date-line at the top of the page. It was "Saturday, December 16, 1914." Whereat a glow of satisfaction

enveloped me. For that date told me that, having crossed to England and the Continent, I was again back on "the old sod," that I should be at home before Christmas — and that I had won that box of cigars!



SERGEANT ROUCHY IN GER-
MAN HELMET



SERGEANT ROUCHY AS ONE
OF THE CHASSEURS
ALPINS



GROUP OF PASSENGERS ON THE TRANSYLVANIA, WEARING WAR
TROPHIES

FLIGHT THE SECOND

OCTOBER 3-31, 1915

CHAPTER TEN

Passport Regulations Stiffen — London Set of Jaw, Forbidding
— Zeppelin Raid of October 13th — Bombs Narrowly Miss Me
— Great Devastation — An "R.A.M.C." Craves a "Bracer."

HAVING exhausted all my war stories, during the winter of 1914 and 1915, in informal talks, by the time summer rolled round I found my war fever rising with the thermometer. By August I was again in the throes of "War-zonitis." My friends and relatives spent weeks trying to cure me; they applied all the well known remedies, including gloomy prophecies of arrest, imprisonment, or death, destruction by land, by sea and by sky, in case I should again venture to invade belligerent lands. Such remedies, however, proved vain and I began to make serious preparations, the latter part of September, for my second war trip.

On going to the District Court in Boston to apply for my passport, I received my first proof that conditions in the fighting lands were stricter than on my previous visit; I was told that this year my photograph must be

attached to the document, and I was directed to the official photographer, located somewhere in the West End. I remember that it was a very hot day, that I looked bedraggled with the heat, and that I wore a cheap necktie. The combination was unfortunate, for when the print was handed to me and I showed it to one of my friends, he said:

“Great Scott, man, it looks exactly like one of those pictures you see posted in the railway stations out in the wild and woolly West, just beneath the headline, ‘\$1,000 Reward for This Horse Thief, Dead or Alive.’” It is *not* a picture I have ever been proud of.

Other requirements had been added since my first trip. One of these necessitated telling the purpose of my visit, another naming the countries I intended traveling to. My brother-in-law in New York kindly helped me out in regard to the first, providing me with a letter which alleged that I was visiting Liverpool on “commercial business” for his firm. As to the countries which I was to visit, I made up my mind that it would be better to name more rather than less than I expected to go to, and so I proudly set forth that I intended to visit England, France, Germany and Austria. I also fortified myself with letters from the *Dedham Transcript* and the *Boston Evening Transcript*, stating that I was to write for these newspapers — a statement confirmed by Governor Walsh. Besides, I had letters from the State Department at Washington, secured through the Congressman of my district, Hon. Richard Olney, 2nd, and



DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON

September 28, 1915.

To the

American Ambassadors at
Berlin and Vienna.

Gentlemen:

At the instance of the Honorable A. J. Peters, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, I take pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Walter Austin, of Boston, Massachusetts, who is about to proceed to Berlin and Vienna.

I cordially bespeak for Mr. Austin such courtesies and assistance as you may be able to render, consistently with your official duties.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

For the Acting Secretary of State:

Third Assistant Secretary.

LETTER FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE



THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
STATE HOUSE BOSTON

September 21 1915.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The bearer of this note is Walter Austin, Esq., who is a prominent citizen of Massachusetts, U. S. A. I understand he is to visit abroad as war correspondent of the Boston Evening Transcript.

Any courtesy extended to him by citizens of other nations with whom he may come in contact will be very much appreciated.

Governor of Massachusetts.



GOVERNOR WALSH'S LETTER

Ex-Congressman Peters, of Massachusetts, to the American Embassies in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. One of the Embassy attachés from Berlin, at home on leave, also gave me letters to friends of his in Germany, including some officers. I little thought that these measures which I was taking so confidently to ensure my trip's being as wide as I chose to make it, would have exactly the opposite effect.

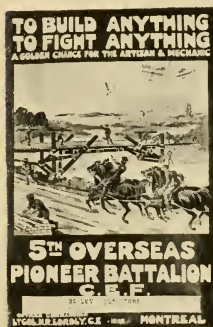
After having my passport viséd in New York by the Consuls-General of England, France, Austria, Germany and Holland, I sailed for Liverpool, October 3, 1915, on the American liner *St. Paul*. Since the horrors of the preceding seventh of May, Americans had not been taking passage much on steamers of British registry. This time the ship was not painted an inconspicuous gray, like the ill-starred *Lusitania*, but she flaunted a large American flag painted on each side, with the words "American Line" in bold lettering. As we neared the British Isles, instead of having all the portholes covered, both sides of the ship were brilliantly lighted so as to illuminate the flags and the lettering, and we moved up St. George's Channel looking like an electric advertising sign on Broadway. No German submarine could possibly have mistaken our identity.

Arriving at Liverpool on the morning of the 11th, I reached London in the evening and was overjoyed to find my old friend Allen waiting for me at the station with the "Dreadnaught," "Vive la France!" still faintly discernible on its back, his only notification having been a

letter announcing the ship by which I was to sail. He insisted upon my going to his cosy apartments on Westminster Bridge Road, where I met his charming wife and two children. Later he took me to my hotel, which again was Morley's. We both sadly missed Hotchkiss. Had he been alive and with me, I should no doubt have succeeded easily in reaching Berlin and Vienna — or Constantinople, if I had suddenly decided to go there. As it was, I was destined to see only England on this trip.

I stayed in London ten days — October 11th to 21st. What impressed me most vividly was the great change one year had made in the spirit and temper of the British people. The year before, England had been cheerful, almost gay. Now it was grim, stiff-spined, set of jaw, forbidding. Then tourists and neutrals were welcomed. Now they were shunned, cold-shouldered, suspected. In the popular mind, they were decidedly out of place. A year ago there was buoyancy, and a feeling that the war would soon be over. From every staff flew the flags of the Allies, side by side with the red banner of St. George. Now there were but few flags, and these always British. The city was fairly plastered with flaming war posters, urging enlistment. I remember Allen even found time to dig me up several, which he succeeded in getting by promising to post some of them in his garage.

In a word, Britain had ceased to regard the war as a sporting event, with the odds easily in her favor. She knew now that it was a fight for life, with the chances little better than even. A year ago few wounded were



ENGLISH AND CANADIAN WAR POSTERS, 1915, 1916

visible. Now nearly every train that rolled into Charing Cross and Waterloo disgorged its hordes of maimed and crippled. And what the censored press had been unable to convey was now borne in on the mind of every British subject by this endless stream of the wounded, flowing ceaselessly toward England night and day. Many women I noticed were in mourning. War was now a grim and grisly national peril.

London at night was in a state of funereal gloom. All the street lights, now almost totally shrouded, had practically lost their usefulness. In the intense darkness people actually couldn't see well enough to avoid running into each other. Cabs and busses constantly collided.

Yet in the daytime there was plenty of excitement and life, particularly in Trafalgar Square, where recruiting hustings had been set up. The crowds surging about them were more excited than they had been a year ago, for the experiment of voluntary enlistments was approaching its final and crucial stage. Not only England's leaders, but England's enemies, were providing the goads that were steadily thrusting hesitant non-combatants into the ranks of the fighters. With Lord Derby's spellbinders feverishly exhorting in the highways and byways and the Zeppelins of Germany hurling death and destruction from above, London was beginning to bubble up and boil over. Substantial evidences thereof could be found in the recruiting offices.

One day I stopped to listen to the speakers. Among them were some Red Cross nurses. Between speeches a

band played martial music. A fiery little man finally arose and started making an impassioned appeal for recruits. All at once a fellow standing near me, offended at something he said, began to interrupt him.

"That's not so," he yelled. "You know better," and similar disconcerting remarks. Murmurs from the crowd. A woman remonstrated:

"Ye blatherskite," she shouted, "ye orter be in khaki yourself."

The interrupter, a rough-looking specimen of about forty, drew off and struck her viciously.

"Kill the bloke! He's a German!" some one yelled.

The fellow turned and ran. Three Canadians in uniform, who were on the platform, leaped to the ground. The "German" was now out of the crowd and running for his life. The Canadians, surging through the mob, started in pursuit. Down the Strand flew the fugitive. Behind him sped the soldiers and part of the crowd, including myself.

They caught him at the foot of Craven Street. One of the Canadians knocked the fellow down. He tried to rise. The other felled him. Again he lifted himself. A bystander then laid him low. Others followed. At the sixth or seventh blow a "Bobbie" interfered. Otherwise the mob would probably have killed him. What was left of him went to Bow Street. He wasn't led; he was carried. Who he was or what his purpose, I never found out.

The second evening after my arrival in London I went

to the Coliseum Theatre, near Trafalgar Square, with Allen. We were sitting in the sixth row, enjoying a variety show, when suddenly, about half-past nine, I heard a bang outside, faint but clear. My mind was primed for hostile airships.

"A Zeppelin," I whispered to Allen.

"It can't be that," he said; "it's some one slamming a door."

Another report followed. Then "bang, bang, bang" in quick succession. I looked round the theatre. Not a soul had left his seat.

"I'm going outside to see the fun," I said, and stepped into the aisle. Allen followed. I was sure by this time that the Germans were bombarding from the heavens, yet besides ourselves I don't believe twenty people left the theatre. Later on, however, in the most leisurely and normal way, it was emptied.

We had hardly got to the street, when the sounds of artillery firing ceased. Whatever explosions had accompanied the bomb dropping — if indeed there had been any — were now over. Then presently the anti-aircraft weapons renewed their salvos, for the searchlights had succeeded in locating the invader. Poised in dignity and disdain fully a mile above the city, practically overhead but slightly towards the Thames, was a monster Zeppelin. At that great height it was not over distinct in outline, yet was perfectly recognizable. Around it the exploding shells from the city's guns burst in little white puffs of smoke. To me the air-ship looked like one of

those little lead sinkers, such as fishermen use in trolling, and the shrapnel puffs playing about it were the white-bellied fish, striking for the hook.

In spite of the severe bombardment, so far as we could see, nothing struck the visitor and at last she turned tail and soon disappeared to the eastward.

Allen went home immediately and I walked the streets for a short time. There was excitement, but no panic. No one seemed to know whether any bombs had been dropped. The only sentiments I could discover were those of curiosity and revenge.

"We orter send a few Zeps over there," one man volunteered, "just to give the Boches a touch of their own bitters."

Returning to Morley's, I went to bed, to sleep soundly and peacefully. Why shouldn't I? To be sure, within the last few months the "Safety First" habit had penetrated to London, and on my arrival I had discovered that the only rooms not taken were on the top floor! Here they quartered me — in solitary dignity. It was evident that none of the other guests was yearning to officiate at the receiving end of a German bomb. I must admit that the first night I didn't like the prospect very well myself. The second night, being a little more at home in my elevated quarters, I naturally thought less about it. Now, in consequence of what I had just been hearing and seeing, of course my mind was full of aerial visitations, but I felt perfectly secure. As lightning is said never to strike twice in the same place, so the Ger-

mans couldn't possibly bombard the same city twice in the same night. And so I got into my bed on the top floor of Morley's with as comfortable a sense of security as if it were my own bed at home.

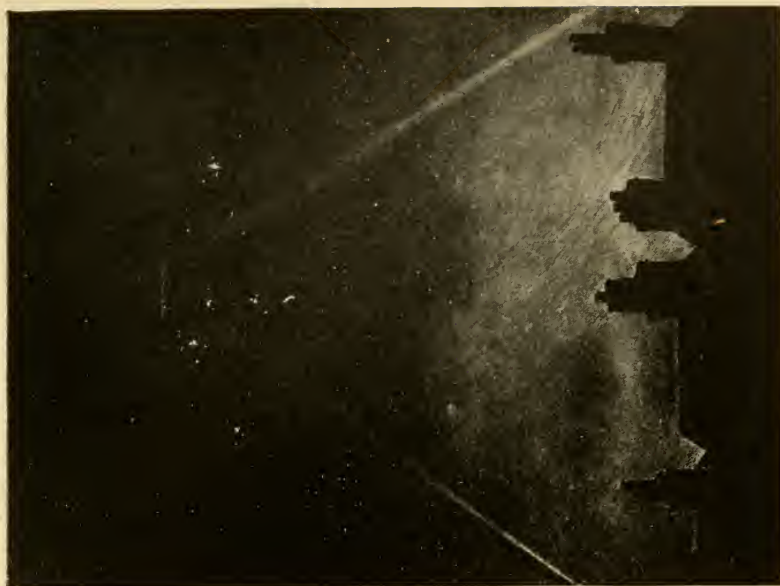
Waking before daylight, I got up early, and was amazed when the hotel barber told me, without any excitement, that not only had bombs been dropped within a few hundred yards of my hotel, and the theatre, too, at the very moment when Allen and I were enjoying the show, but that another German airship had appeared later and dropped several in another part of the city. Though the damage had been great, I had slept soundly in my exposed chamber all through this second visitation, as I had done the previous November in the little inn at Dunkirk, when aeroplane bombs were dropping in the street just around the corner. Apparently the detonations of German air-bombs were a good lullaby for me.

Immediately after breakfast I went out to look at the damaged area. Beginning at a point on the opposite side of the Strand from the Hotel Cecil, and extending along the street for some distance, were ten or a dozen buildings badly shattered and with most of their windows demolished. From here a bombed area, about a hundred yards wide, extended back toward Covent Garden for about a quarter of a mile, the whole forming a rough parallelogram of devastation. Hotels, theatres, shops, and newspaper properties had all suffered, among them the offices and workrooms of the *Morning Post*. Small buildings were generally razed, others were perforated

with great holes. A crater yawned where once was a street. In the entire section there wasn't a whole pane of glass. In one place a fragment of shell had penetrated a house, about twenty feet from the ground, and had cut off a water-pipe as neatly as if done by an iron-worker. Certain sections of the damaged area were roped off, and policemen stood on guard. These were sections from which a large army of searchers were bringing out the bodies of the dead.

Many of the buildings looked as if they had suffered from fire, and such, in fact, was the case. But by this time the fire department had extinguished all conflagrations, with the exception of one at the corner of Burleigh and Exeter Streets. Here a bomb had plowed through the street and severed a gas-main, setting fire to the gas. This was still burning and continued to burn as long as I remained to watch it. This was the first raid that struck at the very heart of London. The nearest approach to such a thing before had been the Zeppelin raid of September 8th, which damaged certain parts of London and the manufacturing district of Bermondsey. At the latter place, nearly an acre of buildings was burned to the ground.

Near the *Morning Post* Building I talked with one of the Royal Army Medical Corps — a friendly chap of between thirty-five and forty — who told me that twenty-nine bodies had been taken from the ruins, all of them being small shopkeepers, artisans and the like. He himself had recovered nine. He generously offered to take



Illustrated London News, October 23, 1915
THE ZEPPELIN OF OCTOBER 13, 1915



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DESTRUCTION IN LONDON, ZEPPELIN RAID OF OCTOBER 13, 1915

me through the ropes and show me how to hunt for bodies.

"Just a minute," I said. "You look tired and hungry. Have you had any breakfast?"

"Not since yesterday, sir."

"Come on over to this Pub and have a bite." I pointed to a near-by eating-and-drinking establishment, through whose shattered panes blew the four winds of heaven.

"Thank you very much, sir," he replied, as we headed for the Pub.

"You look fagged, old man. Won't you have a bracer before your bite?" I asked, as we entered the tap-room.

"You're very kind, sir, but treating is forbidden."

Impulsively I handed him a half-crown, with instructions to "treat himself," which he proceeded to do in more thorough-going fashion than I expected. Four stiff whiskeys on an empty stomach precipitated the inevitable. He passed swiftly from the realm of mundane things to the delights of a purely spirituous existence, to the accompaniment of "Tipperary," done in durable British bass.

For this I blamed only myself. It was very stupid of me, because then and there I lost my cicerone and had to forego the anticipated pleasure of exhuming bomb victims from sudden sepulchres. The next time I feel hospitable I shall feed the animals first — and lead them to strong waters afterwards.

As to the number of bombs dropped in this particular

section of the city, every one had a different guess. I heard all figures mentioned, from three to nine. The damage was variously estimated from half a million to six million dollars. I couldn't find out how large the bombs were; but from the terrible devastation I am inclined to believe they must have weighed some hundreds of pounds.

No one could be in doubt of the effect of such raids on London. Everywhere the city awaited the perils of the air with fortitude and calmness, ready to meet its fate in a spirit of quiet heroism. Seemingly, the only tangible result was to stimulate recruiting. On the morning of the fourteenth the recruiting offices were fairly mobbed by applicants for enlistment.

Among those to whom every modern war machine is a profound mystery, there were some, Allen declared, who didn't even know the difference between land and sea vehicles — a statement to which the reader may add as many grains of salt as he pleases. Such a one was the old woman that Allen had heard of, to whom an acquaintance was kindly explaining one day what to do in case the Zeppelins came.

"Take to the cellar, my good woman," said he, "you'll surely be safe down there."

"The cellar, ye say? Indade! That may save me from bombs and Zeppelins an' the likes, but what about thim turrible submarines?"

CHAPTER ELEVEN

London — Gadabouts not Wanted — Swarthy Bulgarians — Inquisition at the Permit Office — Motor Trips — I Take Passage Home on the *New York*.

IT was during these days I discovered that if you happened to be only a simple tourist in the Tight Little Isle, and wanted to cross the English Channel, you didn't cross! You simply went down to the dock that lay nearest France, or Holland, and, after being thrust back by a burly officer in the King's uniform, you sat down on a pile of army blankets, tried to smile and cursed your luck under your breath. Also you gazed enviously at thousands of soldiers trudging aboard the steamer, bound for the front. At length it was borne in on you that you, a reasonably well-to-do and avowedly friendly American citizen, were about as welcome among these people as an epidemic of German measles.

Further reflection convinced you that times had changed much in the first year of the war. I had realized on my previous visit that no longer did Europe welcome the coming and speed the parting American, not even if he was the kind of tourist who in the good old days had contributed so liberally to the finances of Europe, shedding money at every step and paying too much for everything. Now England, at least, could hardly tolerate the

mere tourist. She was fighting for her life. And the accommodations for visitors were so cramped that there wasn't even standing room for a gadabout.

The only business I ostensibly had was confined to England. But in the hope of getting farther I have told that I had secured a passport which declared that I was going not only to England but also to France, Holland, Germany and Austria. This now proved a fatal mistake. In trying to make my way sure to all possible countries I over-reached myself, became an object of suspicion, and frustrated my own plans.

I realized my mistake the day I went to the Permit Office, a rude temporary shed in the courtyard of one of the handsome government buildings known to the world as "Downing Street." Here I found a number of civilians of all nationalities. Among them I remember particularly the retreating foreheads, high cheek-bones and broad, swarthy faces of two Bulgarians. They were trying to get back to their home-land; Bulgaria was about to enter the war and these men were anxious to join the colors. I was told later that they got away just before their nation took the plunge.

After waiting a time, my name was called and I was ushered into the next room. I sat down at a table, across which a pale, smiling official eyed me keenly, as I drew from my pocket my American passport. In exchange for this, which I handed him, he pushed a printed form toward me.

"Fill this out," he said.

I inserted the details of my name, sex, age, place of birth, business, residence, and nationality. The smiling one thanked me and took the document in hand. Then, gazing at me like a musical show manager appraising a chorus girl, he noted the color of my eyes and hair, my stature and other physical aspects, and filled in these particulars on the printed form.

It was a thorough, conscientious, painstaking piece of work. I felt uncomfortable. Mostly it was his courteous but indelible smile that annoyed me. Smiling all the while, the man turned me inside out, dissected me from head to foot, and finally put this up to me:

"Do you think," he exclaimed, "that the people over there want their railroads crowded with tourists when they need every available inch of space for troops? Don't you know that France is bleeding white?"

I saw at once that my bluff about "Commercial Business," which was written on my passport, had been called. So it was with misgivings that I tottered to Official No. 2, to whom my first inquisitor consigned me.

This individual, instead of smiling, glared at my passport. It bore the signature — "Robert Lansing, Secretary of State of the United States of America;" but judging by the look it got, it might as well have been signed "Kaiser Wilhelm, Boss of the German Empire." I was again pumped and probed. The difficulty seemed to be that some one had notified the Permit Office of the fact that I had been in Berlin the year before — this information probably coming from some of the passen-

gers on the *St. Paul* to whom I had disclosed the fact. And here was my stated intention to visit Germany again, and Austria, too! I was a suspicious character. One of the first questions my interrogator put to me was:

“What was your business in Germany in November, last year?”

I was flustered — and showed it — but I summoned courage enough to reply:

“Oh, I just went over there on a lark.”

Then he made me give an entire account of my travels in 1914, which I managed in a mumbled, jumbled way, with a red face and rather a bad case of “nerves.” I am confident that the man believed me, although he did not like the looks of the words “Germany and Austria” on my passport. They made him still suspicious.

“What people do you know in London?” he asked. I mentioned some Americans and told him that I had a letter to our Embassy.

“Americans won’t do,” he said. “Give me the name of some British born subject, some influential, well-known resident. Otherwise you cannot have your permit to cross the Channel.”

For a while I cudgelled my brain in despair. Then suddenly I remembered that ten years before, when in Japan, I had become acquainted with a Londoner, Charles V. Sale, partner in Yokohama of my brother-in-law. I knew he was not now in the firm, but, silently praying that he might be in London, I looked up his name and address in the directory and was overjoyed to find them.

This being a satisfactory reference I was allowed to go. I instantly hunted up Sale and told him my story. Later he was interviewed and gave me the necessary "O. K."

When I left Downing Street the official had told me: "The Office will take charge of your passport. And you will hear from us in a few days."

Deprived of that valuable document, all I could do was to sit tight. So I sat tight — for ten days. All this time never a word from Downing Street. Fortunately there was nothing to prevent my taking several motor trips, on one of which I saw at some distance the German prison camp at Frimley, twenty miles from London. At other times I enjoyed the band music and the oratorical fireworks of the recruiting stands, which were sprinkled all over the city.

Yet I felt uncomfortable. I wasn't "a man without a country," but I was a man without a passport, sneaking round among men, women and children of a war-racked nation, to whom life was very serious. An alien sightseer was an individual with whom they could have little in common. Yet in conversation they were always affable, and the expression I heard the oftenest was: "Oh, you know we think everything of the Americans."

At last taking Allen's advice I decided to return to New York. On the 22nd of October I again went to the Permit Office and asked for my passport. The one who had grilled me said:

"Please be patient. You will hear from us in a few days."

"But I want to sail tomorrow on the *New York* for America," I ventured. His face lit up with relief.

"Do you mean that?" he asked. "If you do, just sign this waiver of your application for a permit and I think you can have your passport."

I signed a statement declaring my intention of leaving for the United States the next day. The official thrust his hand into the nearest drawer, hauled out my passport, and delivered it to me with more speed than British officials commonly show under the most urgent circumstances. My relief in getting the document was scarcely greater than his in giving it to me. If the Yankee tourist was homesick, England was glad to get rid of him.

But when I went back to Morley's to pack my grips, I found a letter from Downing Street, notifying me that my application had been provisionally granted!

Perhaps I was foolish, but I stuck to my decision to go home. I had made all my plans, bought my ticket, and engaged my stateroom. Furthermore, my passport alluded to "Commercial Business" for which I could provide no corroborative documentary evidence, and I had had proof that it was unwise for one and the same passport to declare your intention of visiting countries at war with one another. I felt that I should be constantly in hot water, no matter what country I visited. Probably the Continent, like Britain, was taking the war much more seriously than it had been taken a year ago. And I was in a mood to sympathize with the British in their attitude toward idle tourists with idle thoughts,



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SEARCHLIGHTS ON CHARING CROSS STATION, LONDON, ON THE LOOK-
OUT FOR ZEPPELINS



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GERMAN PRISONERS AT FRIMLEY

bent on idle journeys. For that reason the American liner *New York* sailed out of Liverpool on the evening of October 23rd with me on board.

Though my trip as originally planned had been much curtailed, both in time and in territory, I was not dissatisfied with it. I had been close to the biggest Zeppelin raid which the Germans have yet made on England. And I had had a chance to see—and I was glad to see—that although all the light, jaunty confidence of the year before had passed from the English, they were still confident, now with a fierce determination, that the Allies would win the war.

Form Ca.



Reference Number:

22489
M. W. Austin

MEMORANDUM.

Your application for a permit has been provisionally approved, and you are requested to apply in person at this office whenever convenient, bringing your passport with you in order that the permit stamp may be affixed to it. Application can be made en route to the port of departure, if so desired.

This notice must be presented at the door.

Date. 18.10.15

PERMIT OFFICE,

(3480—3480) Wt. 24473—34—2000 9/15 R.C.&S. 128

DOWNING ST., S.W.

APPLICATION FOR PERMIT TO CROSS THE CHANNEL APPROVED

FLIGHT THE THIRD

APRIL 1 — MAY 22, 1916

CHAPTER TWELVE

Off for Bordeaux — "Torpedoitis" Rages Throughout the Ship
— Chinese Colonials at Bordeaux Rouse Enthusiasm.

READY as I had been to leave London, I couldn't help feeling a little "sore" at my failure to get to France. The more I thought of it as I was coming home on the steamer, the more determined I was to find some way of seeing whether that brave nation was still bearing her anxieties and sacrifices with the same heroic cheerfulness that she had shown in the first months of the war. There was no doubt about it; somehow I must get to France, and before very long, too. Within a week of my return from England I applied to William R. Hereford, Wall Street, New York, head of the "American Ambulance Hospital in Paris," for a position as volunteer ambulance driver for service at the French front. But a few days later I received a courteous letter from him stating that "the work is hard and requires so much endurance that I fear your age will bar you." Perhaps he was right, but I have always flattered myself that he was wrong, for I was in good

physical condition and, as I thought, possessed of sufficient endurance for the work.

Undaunted by this disappointment, I remained bent on getting to France, and as the winter of 1915-16 came to a close I found an opportunity to go. My voyage began — appropriately, some may think — on “April Fool’s Day,” 1916, when I started on the French liner *Rochambeau* from New York to Bordeaux. This time my passport designated my business to be “newspaper work,” and to the work of representing the *Dedham Transcript* I again added correspondence for the *Boston Transcript*. Also my passport recited the fact that I was to visit France, England and Spain only. I knew better now than to include Germany and Austria.

When I boarded the steamer in New York, I found that in the five months since I last sailed, regulations had tightened up still more. Now there was a thorough examination of luggage on the dock — not a heavy task for me, since I still carried only suit-case and Gladstone bag. At the gangway my passport was examined with the closest scrutiny, and I had to write my name on the back for a comparison of signatures.

As the ship cast off there were the customary cheers and farewells, waving of French and American flags and the usual show of emotions accompanying the departure of voyagers for the War Zone. But now the war seemed closer than it did on either of my previous crossings, perhaps because there were among the passengers twenty college students who were about to enter the

ambulance service in France. Then, too, there was a French boy of eighteen, just called to the colors, whose enthusiasm for the cause was contagious. And when we were five days out we were all lined up for a lifeboat drill.

Without further event the voyage proceeded until the seventh day, when without warning the notice was posted on the bulletin-board — “By order of the Commander it is strictly forbidden to use any light.” Excited passengers flocked to the board. “Submarines” immediately became a topic of conversation. Pretty soon deck hands appeared and began to remove electric light bulbs. Even the private cabins were stripped. Orally we were notified not to light a match, and that we must refrain from smoking. Of course there was more or less alarm, not all confined to the women, either. One man who had a glass eye slipped it into his pocket. “The phosphorus in the water might be reflected upon my artificial optic, and thus betray us,” he gravely announced. I was glad that we had one humorist with us, for the ensuing laughter served to relieve the tension.

Many of the passengers stayed on deck all night. Others crawled into their bunks with their clothes on, and life-preservers conveniently near. I got nervous myself, though I am not naturally fidgety. Like many of the rest I turned in fully clothed, with the exception of shoes, and with a life-belt tied about my waist. The nervousness of the others was catching; I actually got up four times and went on deck to “look for sub-

marines" — I, a sane, middle-aged citizen of the U. S. A., pattering round in stocking feet, girdled with a yard of cork wadding, and trying every now and then to bend my rotund shape over the rail so as to get a nice, head-on view of a red-hot German torpedo! When "torpedoitis" gets you, you do strange things. However, as any one might have known, no missile reached us, since torpedoes, at that time, could only operate in daylight, never after dark. And so that night passed safely, and the following, till we entered the Gironde River.

The official inspection of all persons entering France was thorough — a different thing from what it was in those happy days when Hotchkiss, Allen and I had so easily entered the country with the old "Dreadnaught." Now as we docked at Bordeaux, the passengers were all herded in the passageway near the dining-saloon, to to which they were admitted one at a time. When my turn came, I entered somewhat fearfully, for the unyielding English inspectors of the previous autumn came vividly to my mind. Five stern-looking officials were seated at a table holding writing materials. I was asked to remove my hat and stand before them. For half a minute all five gave me their silent, undivided attention, making me feel like a cross between a pickpocket and a tax-dodger. Then I was asked to produce my passport. This one of the group carefully examined. The other four continued to bore me with their gimlet eyes. At last, being told that everything was all right, I with-

drew from the inquisitorial chamber with a great sense of relief — I was to land in France — and with no more serious complications than a large loss of self-esteem and a softening of pride. Some others were not so fortunate. One man never did get permission to land, and one lady fainted during the ordeal.

On our way up the river I had been much interested in the German prisoners, whom I had seen by hundreds all along the banks from the mouth of the Gironde, tilling the soil and doing all sorts of manual labor for the benefit of France. Some of them waved good-humoredly at us, seemingly well content to be removed from the firing line. They were the happiest-looking prisoners I saw anywhere in my War-Zone gadding, and no wonder, for it was a beautiful spring day and all the country was white and pink with blossoms.

When we got up to the city I was favored with a sight even more interesting — in fact to me one of the most impressive incidents of all my visits to the War Zone. Amid the “hurrahs” of the populace and the booming of the Marseillaise I saw a flotilla of small boats conveying from a transport squads of foreign soldiers. As they lined up on the dock, under orders of their commanding officer, I was amazed to see that they were all Chinamen.

Instantly the tremendous significance of the fact came over me. From Cochin-China, from Cambodia and Annam, from Tonquin, these Malays and Mongols of the Antipodes had answered the summons of France,

their foster mother. In the hour of her desperate need she had clothed them in a uniform and put a weapon in each hand. And they, Mohammedans and Buddhists, had answered the call of Christian France. Here at Bordeaux I saw them entering the last stage of their journey. They had come to mingle their alien blood with hers, to risk their lives with those of her native born, and face with her the Great Unknown at Verdun, at Soissons, in the Vosges.

All sorts and conditions of colonials and other allies had already been dragged to France. At Nice I saw later large numbers of Serbians who had hurried to French soil to have another "go" at the Boches who had dispossessed them. Near them were immense numbers of Senegalese, such as I had previously seen at Dunkirk and Ypres, black as coals. At Cannes were Moors from Tunis, Berbers and Arabs from Algeria, Tuaregs from the Sahara, Malays from Madagascar. But to me the sight of these Mongolians, come from half way round the world, spoke more eloquently than anything else of the supreme need of their foster mother, and told me in convincing terms that the final issue of the world war would be determined on the western front. Not even the thousands of burly Russians, who landed at Marseilles amid the cheers and flower-throwing of the crowd, impressed me so significantly as did these stoical Chinese — seemingly so removed by every consideration of blood, race and religion — stepping resolutely toward the front beneath the tricolor of France.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Paris — Wonderful French Spirit — Student Artists — Dogged by Secret Service Men — American Benefactions — From the Tables at Monte Carlo to the Pews at Nice — Impressions of France.

PARIS is ten hours by train from Bordeaux. Five courteous, chatty French officers, who shared my compartment, made the trip enjoyable. I felt I was among friends — so different from that journey from Rotterdam to Berlin seventeen months before, when English was strictly “verboten.” Yet here you could not say that conversation was exactly encouraged, for on this train I first saw the signs so common in all public places in France:

“Taisez-vous! Méfiez-vous! Les oreilles ennemies vous écoutent!”

“Keep silent! Be on your guard! Enemies’ ears are listening to you!”

Unfortunately the journey was at night, and so I had little chance to observe people, except my fellow passengers, or to notice whether the aspect of the country seemed different from the normal aspect of peace. I was rather disappointed, for in my “Dreadnaught” trip to France we had done all our traveling in the car, and so I should have liked now a little railroad traveling by



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RESERVISTS ARRIVING AT GARE DE L'EST, PARIS, 1916

TAISEZ-VOUS !
MÉFIEZ-VOUS !
LES OREILLES ENNEMIES
VOUS ÉCOUTENT

*Prescription de la Circulaire du Ministre de la Guerre
en date du 28 octobre 1915.*

SIGN COMMON IN ALL PUBLIC PLACES IN FRANCE

daylight. But when you are in a country that has been engaged in a serious war for nearly two years, you needn't be surprised if you are not allowed a wide choice in trains.

At Paris a delightful comrade awaited me, Charles H. Fiske, Jr., a Boston attorney, with whom any pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled. We made the same hotel our headquarters and returned together to New York on the steamship *La Fayette*.

At our Paris hotel, the Vouillemont, in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, I found conditions much as they had been at the Hotel Burgundy, where I had put up a year and a half ago with Hotchkiss, except that now the authorities insisted on knowing a good many more details about my life. But I was getting quite glib by this time with personal statistics, and so I had little trouble in making out a long, detailed statement as to my identity, business, length of stay, and, in short, the "story of my life" — past, present and future — for the benefit of the police and military. On leaving, another, almost as formidable, had to be made out. The next thing was to obtain from the Commissaire de Police the "permis de séjour," for which I had to provide a full description and a photograph of myself. This "permis" one must always have by him. For at any time or place one is liable to be stopped by any kind of a Frenchman, in uniform or not, and made to produce it.

I left the spring behind me at Bordeaux. Though the trees in Paris were in leaf, the weather was abomi-

nable, cloudy and wet and raw — not unusual Parisian weather in April, I have since been told, though at the time I heard it attributed to the heavy cannonading at Verdun. Yet despite the rain, and occasionally sleet, the streets were crowded. There was a complete transformation from the Paris of November, 1914, when it was grim, solemn, almost despondent; it seemed to me now the old Paris, cheerful, and even gay. Entertainments were numerous and lively. The spirit of the French surely was wonderful. Yet I felt underneath a steady current of sadness. Hundreds of maimed soldiers walked the streets, many, with a leg gone, hobbling on crutches or stumping about on a wooden leg, many others blind, led by the hand of some comrade more fortunate. Yet the French were clearly hopeful. That is why covering the heart-aches were the smiles. Behind wound and scar glowed the flame of confident patriotism.

On my first day I went to the Place des Invalides to see the captured German artillery there, German aeroplanes, and other trophies of war. They all showed hard usage. But there were other trophies of the War God in Paris. All too frequently you saw the flag-draped coffin, behind which walked the military and the sorrowing relatives. Paris was full of such pictures.

On my way back from the Invalides I visited the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* on the Seine. Practically all of the three thousand student artists here had gone to the front, where a scheme had been devised to give an opportunity to those who needed it to make some money. Registered



cards, the size of post-cards, were sent them in the trenches or at the base in the rear. After drawing or painting sketches on them, these cards were sent back to Paris and offered to the public at two and a half francs each. Each artist was limited to ten pictures a week; and only the poor artists were allowed to sell them. I understood that some of them made the maximum of one hundred francs a month. The fifty cards I bought are among my treasured souvenirs.

I also bought half a dozen French casques, or helmets, of the shrapnel-proof variety, an English helmet of similar make, a gas mask and goggles, some of the shells from the famous "75's" and a couple of hand grenades. Any one who suffered like me from the souvenir habit could then make plenty of such purchases in many of the shops in Paris.

Everywhere, in every nook and corner of the country, the French were carefully protecting themselves against enemy espionage. One day, on the Boulevard Capucines, a mild-spoken individual in civilian attire accosted me, saying that he was of the secret service, and demanded my "permis de séjour." I showed it to him without hesitancy.

Then he said: "You were overheard this morning speaking German to another person. Why do you speak in German?"

"Say, my friend, whoever told you that is a liar!" I indignantly replied. "I couldn't speak German if I tried."

“Pardon, m’sieu! It ees a mistake!” He bowed courteously and left me.

I am perfectly well convinced that his accusation that I had been overheard speaking German was merely a trap which these secret service men spring haphazard on all strangers, in the hope of catching some unwary person who is actually a spy. They reason that the suspect may jump at the conclusion that “the jig is up” and confess his identity.

Another time I was looking across the Seine, watching some workmen breaking stone with a sledge hammer. I hadn’t been there two minutes before a gendarme sauntered up and stationed himself right behind me. He wore the same inquisitorial look the officials on the steamer had bestowed upon me. I felt uncomfortable, and presently hailed a taxi and drove to my hotel. The gendarme followed, close behind. Later in the day I was told that he reached the hotel just after me, and made a searching inquiry into my identity and business in Paris.

Again, the day I left Bordeaux for New York, I wrote out the cablegram: “Sailing *La Fayette* Saturday.” I was requested to leave out the word “Saturday.” The information as to the sailing day might have reached and benefited the enemy.

All this was perfectly right. If neutrals and friends were inconvenienced by such precautions they needn’t stay in France.

If their necessary strictness makes French officials seem sometimes unfriendly to Americans, not so the



SOUVENIRS, 1914, '15, '16

German Artillery Officer's Helmet — German Infantry Overcoat — French General's Cap — French Helmet — Piece of Shell — French Private's Cap — Case for Gas Mask — Ghurka Knife — 75 c.m. Shell — Gas Mask and Goggles — Turkish Sword — Hand Grenade — Wicker Basket for Carrying German Shell — Case for German Helmet.

French people. All over Paris I was gratified to hear the exclamations, "Vive l'Amérique! Vivent les Etats Unis!" These exclamations reflect the profound gratitude of France for the tremendously helpful relief work done there by Americans. First in importance is the "American War Relief Clearing House," for through this must pass all the donations to France and other Allies. The largest piece of individual work done in France is that of the "American Distributing Service," supported by Mrs. Robert W. Bliss. Then there is the highly important "American Fund for French Wounded," supported by numerous committees in America. And there are scores of other charitable enterprises scattered throughout Paris and France.

It is only a fraction of the benefit of all this labor of love that hospitals receive. Refugees from the territory occupied by the Germans, and others, whom the war has impoverished, owe many a life to their American friends working through the "Ouvroir Franco-Belge," the "Vestiaire Franco-Belge," the "Appui aux Artistes," and "Mon Soldat." And many children have had the tragedies of war softened for them as much as possible by the "Enfants de Flandres" and the "Enfants de la Frontière."

Of all these charities none interested me more than the "Phare," or "Lighthouse," which brings light to those in darkness. Within its kindly walls men blinded in battle, whose life is now a living death, find courage and hope awaiting them. Here men in the deepest despond-

ency are brought back to a measure of usefulness and joy in life. They weave, knit socks, make baskets and — they even fence for exercise. I was also much interested by the “Boston Room” at the American Ambulance, so called because the large room is supported entirely by Boston subscriptions. I found it full of cots and wounded soldiers, among them the brother of Navarre, the famous French air fighter, who was convalescing from severe wounds. And there I saw the worst case in any of the hospitals I visited in the war countries — a soldier with both eyes and arms gone. He could only be consoled by putting flowers on his chest to smell. It was the only case, they said, of a soldier who actually wanted to die.

From Paris I decided to take a run down to Nice in order to see a cousin of mine who makes her home in that city, a lady whom I had not had the pleasure of seeing for several years. Before starting I had to get a “*sauf conduit*,” which again described me in some detail. This, like the “*permis de séjour*,” I had to keep on my person for immediate surrender whenever demanded.

My train was full of wounded soldiers whose destination was the same as mine, for the Riviera is as good a place as any in France for convalescents to regain their strength. Again most of my journey was at night, and so again I saw little of the country. I stopped over a few hours at Marseilles, but it was not a day when Russians were landing, or troops from any of the colo-

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

GOVERNEMENT MILITAIRE DE PARIS

PRÉFECTURE DE POLICE

SAUF-CONDUIT

Pour les personnes voyageant :

- à bicyclette.
- en tramway.
- en bateau.
- en chemin de fer.

Nom *Chastin*
Prénoms *Michel*
Nationalité *américain*
Profession *journaliste*
Domicile *18 Rue Beugnot à Paris*
Signalement :
Age *34 ans*
Cheveux *blonds*
Barbe *aucune*
Signe particulier approuvé :

Signature du porteur : *Michel Chastin*

Destination pour les voyageurs en chemin de fer :

de Paris à Nice
Délivré à *Paris le 11 Avril 1916.*

Requis par le Chef de Service ou Commissaire de Police,
Paris

Permis valable du au

Tout étranger porteur de ce sauf-conduit est tenu de présenter à toute réquisition des autorités soit son permis de séjour, soit son passeport, l'un et l'autre munis de sa photographie

SAUF-CONDUIT


2445

MOBILISATION. — (Camp retranché de Paris)

PERMIS DE SEJOUR A UN ETRANGER

M. *Michel Chastin*
né à *Wichita, le 11 novembre 1885.*
de nationalité *américaine*
s'est présenté le *29 Avril 1916*
pour faire la déclaration de son domicile et de son identité.

Il a enfants de
Il est autorisé à conserver sa résidence à *Paris*
17 rue Beugnot, n° 17
Et pourra solliciter son permis de séjour à toutes réquisitions des
Le Commissaire,
Wichin



PERMIS DE SEJOUR

nies, and so the city showed fewer signs of the war than I had seen at Paris and Bordeaux.

On arriving at Nice I found that those of the once large American colony who had remained there were all "doing their bit" to help France in her titanic struggle, and doing it nobly, too. My cousin was spending several hours of the day in the American Red Cross Hospital, which, with its fifty beds, has done a splendid work under the direction of Mrs. Dulany Huntress.

From all that I had heard of the famous city of the Riviera, which I had never seen before, I judged that it was sadly changed from the lively winter resort of peace times. Comparatively few foreign visitors remained in the place — among them, of course, no Germans or Austrians at all. The wounded were everywhere and the streets were thronged with soldiers, especially Serbians. But the city in its gayest days could never have seen better weather — the greatest relief after the beastly conditions of Paris. Here the air was mild and the sun bright, flowers were in bloom, and the orange-trees laden with fruit.

One evening I persuaded my cousin to motor over with me to Monte Carlo. After dinner at the Hotel de Paris we crossed to the Casino. Because I, unlike my cousin, had no regular card of admission, the five owl-faced officials at the door insisted on seeing my passport, which they stared at so long and searchingly that I began to think the Casino as difficult to enter as France itself. However, they evidently made up their minds

that I was an innocent lamb ready for the slaughter, so I was given my entrance card and led to the shambles.

The stern hand of Mars had extinguished, at least temporarily, the glory of Monte Carlo. Barring myself, there were virtually no tourists "war-zoning." In the large, ornate halls of the Casino only three roulette tables were in action, and only about seventy-five people were present. It was the smallest attendance, my cousin said, that she had ever seen, even during the war, though to be sure, since that had broken out she had been to Monte Carlo very seldom. Of course I did exactly as I was expected to do. I wagered a little of my good Yankee resources on the turn of the wheel, lost with monotonous regularity, and quit when I had reached my modest limit of fifty francs. This was the first time I had ever played roulette, and probably it will remain my last. I departed without having any medals urged upon me as a Napoleon of Finance.

As an antidote to Monte Carlo, we attended on Easter Sunday the services at the American Episcopal Church in Nice. I was particularly delighted to find that the rector, Rev. Francis G. Burgess, is a brother of Theodore P. Burgess of my home town.

Before I left Paris I had made application to the War Department to be allowed to visit the front, but on my return I found that in spite of the recommendation of good friends at the Embassy, I could not get the coveted permission. Evidently the bombardment I had witnessed between Ypres and Roulers was to be my

closest acquaintance with the fighting-line. And so, since my friend, Mr. Fiske, was about to sail from Bordeaux on the *La Fayette*, I decided to return to America with him. Mr. Bliss of the Embassy obligingly smoothed the way for me, and I boarded the steamer on the thirteenth of May without answering excessively personal inquisitorial questions again, or even having my luggage examined.

I sailed for home more in love than ever with La Belle France. Words are inadequate to express my admiration for her confident, cheerful, sternly determined endurance. As the steamer backed out of the dock, I felt if possible even more convinced than on my previous visit that the day was not far distant when France, triumphant and glorious, purged by fire and blood, would take a loftier, more illustrious seat among the Sisterhood of Nations than she has occupied for years.

FLIGHT THE FOURTH

OCTOBER 18 — DECEMBER 21, 1916

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Breaking and Entering Russia — Stowaway Proves to be German Officer — Preparing to Run the Gauntlet of the Frontier.

GETTING into and out of Russia in war time is — or rather was the other day, before the Revolution — a good deal like getting in and out of a pair of old-fashioned, cowhide boots. There's a lot of lusty pulling at the straps and plenty of vigorous tugging at the boot-jack.

The pulling and tugging take place at the frontier. It is here you encounter the entertaining Muscovite inspector, engaged in the leisurely business of quizzing the traveler, examining his papers, probing his luggage and, at times, subjecting him to the doubtful pleasure of a compulsory bath in caustic chemicals. Although the program is utterly tedious, under the circumstances the entertainer has no trouble whatever in "holding" his audience.

However, after you're in, you can be quite as comfortable, quite as foot-loose, so to say, knocking about in the roomy realm of the Czar as you would be in

shuffling round in a pair of grandfather's copper-toed cast-offs, of the vintage of 1842. Of course Petrograd police rules may occasionally tread on your corns and Moscow officialdom dull the polish of your triumphal progress. But, on the whole, the Innocent Abroad — if he is innocent — may romp or traffic all over the Slavic domain (with the exception of the War Zone) without even stubbing the itinerant toe; and, departing, leave behind him many a widely mourned footprint in the all but abandoned path of Tourist Travel.

But the pulling and tugging, the backing and filling, the starting and stopping, the probing and prodding and parleying and procrastinating on entering or leaving Russia are so full of color and incident that I'm tempted to title this chapter "Snaring the Spy at the Czar's Front Doors."

On my return to New York from Bordeaux on the steamer *La Fayette*, I had met a young lady from Baltimore who had recently been in Russia doing Red Cross work. Her glowing accounts of that country tempted me to visit it in the fall. So October 18, 1916, found me on board the Scandinavian liner *Frederik VIII* — since become famous as the ship in which the German Ambassador was sent home — bound for Copenhagen, via Christiansand and Christiania. I was ostensibly correspondent again for two American papers. I also bore letters to our Ambassador to Russia, Ex-Governor Francis of Missouri, and letters from Governor McCall and others to several well known Russian gentlemen,

friends of the late Ambassador, Curtis Guild, whose death was greatly lamented in Petrograd.

A friend of mine, who had just been to Korea, strongly advised against my taking this trip. In both China and Japan he had heard all sorts of alarming stories about the difficulties not only of getting in, but of getting out. "You probably will get in," he said, "but any one whose advice is worth anything will tell you you cannot get out until after the war. The government won't have any leaks."

Even my brother was alarmed, but my wife was loyal and permitted me to go without a murmur. I asked her to come along with me, but she said: "I wouldn't cross that North Sea for a million dollars." She was suffering from "submarinitis."

Passport regulations and luggage examination I found stiffer than ever. Nobody seemed to be traveling now except such as absolutely had to. Things were certainly tightening up for the War Zone gadabout. Practically all my fellow passengers were Scandinavian-Americans or Russians.

All boats bound for Norway, Sweden and Denmark were required to stop at Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands for a thorough examination of passengers and cargo. We arrived without incident in the beautiful harbor of Kirkwall, landlocked by islands, with low-lying hills and with every available inch of ground carefully cultivated. We anchored a mile from the town, a red-tiled village, with its kirk of St. Magnus rising above it. No sooner

had we dropped anchor than a company of officers and blue-jackets boarded the ship, all armed with guns, and began their minute inspection of passengers' letters and personal effects. While this was going on, a strange figure emerged from one of the forward hatchways, and was promptly seized by two of the blue-jackets. He proved to be a German stowaway, who thought we had arrived at Christiansand and had come out of his hiding-place. However, he took his arrest philosophically, even jokingly, and offered to stand treat in the smoking-room for the officers and men. He was an officer in the German army and had made this desperate attempt to get back to the Fatherland.

Every bit of our mail was taken off at Kirkwall and sent to London to be censored before forwarding. This and other precautions, which added to our delay, the passengers bore good-naturedly, recognizing that if inconvenient to themselves they were necessary for the protection of Great Britain. In all we stayed at Kirkwall two days. My Virginia smoking tobacco was so much appreciated by the blue-jackets, with whom I made friends, that on my return trip they reciprocated by giving my baggage the scantiest possible inspection.

The trip across the North Sea was uneventful. In spite of the most vigilant lookout for submarines, not a vessel of any description was sighted. After stopping three hours at Christiansand, we arrived on November 2nd at Christiania, where we all debarked. I left Christiania on the 5th for Stockholm, a night's run by train.

The first stage of my journey was ended. I had reached the threshold of Russia. And here on the threshold I almost gave up the trip. In the four days which I spent at Stockholm, asking advice of various people as to how to get in and out of Russia, reports were most discouraging.

The manager of my hotel told me that I couldn't take a scrap of writing with me across the frontier, except my passport; that I must send all my letters by mail to my hotel in Petrograd — even my letter of credit.

"My letter of credit? Send that by mail? I guess not," I rejoined. "That's my money, my bread-and-butter. I'll not trust that to the mails."

"Well, even if you take it, and get into Russia, God have mercy on your soul! You'll be interned for the remainder of the war!"

And in this strain he continued to harp away, as cheerful as the Dead March from "Saul."

In spite of these unhappy prophecies, which were duplicated by the utterances of the Russian consul at Stockholm, and which also had been made by the Russian consul at New York, I determined to proceed, taking all my papers with me. I even added a tourist guide book to Russia and a Baedeker of Sweden. Later I found that had I followed my landlord's advice and mailed my papers and letter of credit, I shouldn't have received them for at least two or three weeks, owing to the delays of the censorship. Petrograd being in the War Zone, only one of the fifty post-cards which I sub-

sequently mailed from there reached its destination — and that on February 10, 1917, although I sent it November 14, 1916. A cablegram to my brother, dated November 14, 1916, merely announcing my safe arrival, has not been delivered yet.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Herding Men like Cattle in Russian Pens — Apples for
"Bombs" — Chemical Baths to Lay Bare Invisible Writing
on Suspected Backs.

ON the night of November 9th I left Stockholm by train, not without misgivings. I didn't know a word of Swedish or Russian. I was alone among strangers, bound for a forbidden goal, laden with papers that I was told were contraband. But I chirked up a bit when I discovered half a dozen Englishmen on board, and a few Scandinavians. Among the latter was a splendid chap, Thomas Oye, a Norwegian business man, with whom I became quite "clubby."

The usual way from Stockholm to Petrograd is straight across the Baltic Sea and up the Gulf of Finland; but on account of mines and submarines travelers now had to go to Petrograd by rail round the Gulf of Bothnia.

On the 11th — which happened to be my birthday — we arrived at the village of Haparanda, the far-flung outpost of Sweden, fifteen miles from the Arctic Circle. I found it a small, neat town, with wooden buildings, nearly all painted red, and a Lutheran church bearing the date 1828.

Examination of our passports and luggage was made

by the Swedish authorities, without undue delay. Then at eleven o'clock we were herded together under an escort of soldiers and marched across a frozen marsh to an island in the Tornea River. Here was a small settlement, surrounded by a stout stockade. Through a gate in this stockade we were marched single file, surrendering our passports to a bewhiskered Ivan, in a long khaki overcoat and the biggest gray astrakhan cap I ever saw in my life. Once inside that formidable gate we were on Russian soil, and, with our passports surrendered, we couldn't return if we wanted to.

In a small, cheerless waiting-room, rough-built out of unplanned boards, we were cooped up like steers in a branding-pen from eleven in the morning until four in the afternoon. Over a rude counter at one side two Slav women bartered coffee and rolls for Russian kopecks or Swedish öre. Just outside, a small open yard provided the most shockingly inadequate sanitary conveniences, or inconveniences, I have ever seen. Soldiers on guard prevented any one from straying over a hundred feet from the building.

The only break in the monotony came about noon, when a uniformed official appeared at the door.

"Owsteen, Owsteen!" he shouted.

In this I recognized my well garbled surname, and forged to the front. With me went two Englishmen, who had also been summoned. Entering an adjoining room, we were seated at a long, wooden table. A printed slip, containing a score or more of questions, was handed

to us, with a request for written answers. These queries, under the circumstances, were entirely pertinent and reasonable. But the English was at times weird. One question read: "What subjection?" Turning to one of the Englishmen, I asked, "What does that mean?" He had barely time to reply, "That means 'what country are you a subject of,'" when an official stepped up and tapped me on the shoulder, saying very pleasantly, "No talking, please."

After filling out our slips we returned to the waiting-room, whence others were summoned for the ordeal of the written examination.

At four o'clock, examinations over, we were all marched down the street of this little settlement, trudging along the middle of the road, with soldiers hemming us in, for all the world like a parcel of war prisoners. At length we reached a dock and went aboard a small steamer, which soon got under way and ferried us across the river, where ice breakers had made a passage, to the railroad station in the town of Tornea.

In the railroad yard our attention was directed to a great heap of luggage from which each passenger was requested to sort out and identify his own. This had been transported from Haparanda over the frozen river by reindeer sledges. With some trepidation I picked out my suit-case and Gladstone bag and carried them to the nearest official for inspection. In violation of the instructions of the Russian consul in Stockholm, I had in my bag a dozen letters, guide books and my letter of

credit. But I had left them in plain sight, right on top, resolving that if I was arrested, it at least would not be on the charge of "concealing contraband."

The burly, taciturn inspector opened the suit-case, ran his hand carelessly through the clothing to the bottom, closed it and marked it "O. K." — or the Russian equivalent therefor. Then he opened the bag. Lying as they did right on top, he could do nothing less than confiscate the books, papers and letters. The whole examination didn't take two minutes. "What an idiot I am," thought I. "I might have concealed the things and he'd never have troubled to unearth them!"

After seizing the contraband the official gave me a quick scrutiny. In each of my overcoat pockets he detected a suspicious bulge. He felt them. Round! "Ah ha," his eyes telegraphed, "bombs!" He thrust a hand in each, and fished out — two apples! Then he laughed. Feeling like Eve, I offered him the historic lure. And the modern Adam fell. "Thankski," said he, or words to that effect, as he bit into one voraciously. At fifty kopecks (seventeen cents) each, an apple in Russia today is as much a luxury as Russian caviar on Broadway.

Munching the fruit course, he stamped off to the censor's room. I waited about fifteen minutes and was then summoned to follow him. In this room sat an impressive military officer, all red and blue and buttons and braid. On a table in front of him were my papers and letters and the two books. In very intelligible English he asked me what the letters were. I told him they

were letters of introduction and other credentials showing my business in Russia. Three of them he ran through hurriedly, paying no attention to the rest. Most impressive to him, apparently, was the document signed by the Governor of Massachusetts, with its great seal of the Commonwealth and enough blue silk to make a generous hair-ribbon for an eight-year-old schoolgirl.

To the two books he paid particular attention, turning the leaves slowly and bending back the covers, as if he would determine whether or not they held hidden writings. Later I found that one English lady had with her a Bible, one that had belonged to her mother, and was valued for sentiment. This harmless keepsake excited the suspicions of the censor, who tore off and retained the covers and handed back the leaves to the owner. I was more fortunate. Within five minutes the officer passed to me all my books and papers, unmutilated, and with a smile said he was very glad to allow me to proceed to Petrograd. I at once boarded the train, exultant, and was delighted to find that Oye was assigned to the same compartment, where, as a last bit of red tape, our passports, taken up at the island in the river, were returned to us, properly viséd.

My own good fortune was not duplicated by all. While the luggage examination had been proceeding in the shed, I noticed that six men and one woman were apparently having difficulty with the officials, who were pulling out all kinds of personal effects, prying into each garment, opening linings, probing soles and heels of shoes, and

making a great to-do over every article that might harbor contraband.

Finally after the luggage had been dissected and dismembered, the six men and the woman, plainly a Jewess, were ushered to booths, where they were disrobed and their clothing subjected to the minutest inspection. They were also compelled to take baths in which chemicals were said to have been mixed with the water, to lay bare on their persons any invisible writing that might have been inscribed thereon. In Russia a suspicious sleuth will bare everything and anything, from your immortal soul to a floating rib!

From this ordeal only the woman emerged safely. The men failed to pass muster and were detained. The woman told us later, on the train, that the woman inspector even *combed her hair*, to see if it contained contraband!

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

A Unitarian Catechism — Petrograd to Moscow in Defiance of Orders — The Royal Suite at \$35 a Night — No Writing Can Pass the Frontier.

AT Uleaborg, on the way to Petrograd, we had our passports again examined, and were again catechized. One of the questions, "Who were your grandmothers on both sides before they were married?" had me guessing. For the life of me I couldn't remember just at the minute. And I told the inspector so, frankly. He laughed. "Very few of them do remember," he said.

There was another inspection at Bieloostrow, the frontier between Finland and Russia. Here the official, speaking in French, said, "I cannot speak English," and asked me if I spoke French. "Very little," I replied. "Can you speak German?" he said. "Not at all," said I, although that was not quite true.

He then asked me to read in English the list of questions to which I had written answers. I did so, and he promptly passed me. I found out later that he was really an Englishman, and that he had asked me to read the answers to see if my accent betrayed German birth. If my speech had revealed a Teutonic flavor it might have gone hard with me. It is a serious misdemeanor to

speak German in Russia nowadays. Conviction means a penalty of 3,000 roubles or three months in jail. However, this did not deter me from later giving orders to the hotel chambermaid in Petrograd in German, when I found that was the only tongue common to both of us.

At another stopping-place, having set down my religion as "Unitarianism," I was asked to explain its tenets. I never was strong on theology anyway, but when that black-whiskered Slav plumped this query at me, for the life of me I couldn't muster a single Article of Faith. I stammered out something about Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man.

"Ah!" he boomed, "that's my religion, too. You may pass!" And I "passed" — to my own great relief and his.

At another place, the official asked me what was the circulation of the *Dedham Transcript*.

"Immense," I promptly answered, and was as promptly passed. With the temperamental Slav, glowing adjectives are more effective than dull statistics.

Arriving in Petrograd at midnight, my passport was taken in charge by the police as soon as I stepped foot in my hotel, and a temporary receipt issued therefor. I found that the law required that a person intending to leave Russia must notify the police and surrender his passport for the necessary visé or permission to leave. The regulations prescribed that it be held one week by the police, then returned to the owner, who is required to depart within twelve days from that date. By sur-

rendering my passport at once, and giving notice of intention to leave, I should still have nineteen days — ample enough — for transacting my “business.” And so I at once gave the necessary notification.

At the end of a week my passport was returned, with the customary announcement of the bearer’s intended return to the frontier in twelve days. With a twelve-day margin at my disposal, I immediately held a caucus with myself on the subject of going to Moscow. The vote to take the trip was unanimous. To Moscow therefore I would go. But, on revealing my plan to the American consul, he promptly cast one perfectly good ballot in the negative.

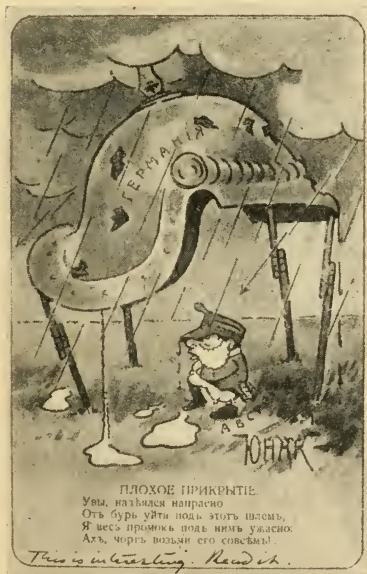
“See here,” he told me. “You’ve asked the police, officially, for permission to leave the country. And now, the minute you get your passport back, you go hiking off in exactly the opposite direction, to Moscow. When you get to Moscow you’ll have to have your passport viséd, and then later, when you come to leave Russia, they’ll want to know why, after asking to leave the country, you deliberately proceeded to take a trip into the interior. It is all very irregular, and is liable to get you into trouble.”

This was somewhat disturbing. I had visions of being arrested and roughly poked off into some remote corner of Siberia, where, I felt sure, the climate would never agree with me. Yet to leave Russia without having seen Moscow was unthinkable. So I hired an interpreter and talked with him. After hearing my troubles he looked

Выписка из домової книги для проживающихъ въ домѣ

Мѣстожителство.		Фамилія.	<i>Остинъ</i>
Прежнее въ г. Петроградѣ, съ обозначеніемъ части, участка, улицы, № дома или въ другомъ мѣстѣ.		Имя.	<i>Вальтеръ</i>
Новое въ г. Петроградѣ, съ указаніемъ части, участка, улицы, № дома и № квартиры.		Отчество.	<i>Вальтеръ</i>
<i>Заграничн</i>		Званіе, сословіе и поименованіе совместно живущихъ членовъ семейства.	С.-Американскіи гражданинъ
часть	часть <i>Спасекой</i>	Лѣта.	<i>51</i>
участ.	участ. <i>1</i>	Какого вѣроисповѣданія.	<i>Протестантскаго</i>
улица	улица <i>Михайловская</i>	Откуда данъ видъ и на какой срокъ.	<i>Национальн. пасп. данъ въ Вашингтонѣ</i>
д. №	д. № <i>1-7.</i>	Обозначеніе службы или рода занятія, конемъ содержать себя.	<i>17 сент. 1916 г. № 35331</i>
кв. №	кв. № <i>В</i>		<i>капитаномъ</i>
Время объявленія въ участіи.			
. <i>31 ОКТ. 1916</i> 191 г.			
Званіе и личность			
Подписъ Завѣдующаго домою кникою <i>Ф. МАГЛЯННА</i>			

TEMPORARY RECEIPT FOR PASSPORT, PETROGRAD, NOVEMBER 13, 1916
Note Russian date, "31 OKT. 1916," which is thirteen days behind our calendar.



worried, but later said, "I think I can fix it all right." And so I started for Moscow.

After a fourteen-hour journey, nearly all in the dark, we reached the ancient capital of Russia. Arriving at the hotel, the National, the interpreter asked for my passport. In a half-hour he returned, waving the bit of paper gleefully. I looked at it.

"But there's no visé on it," said I.

"Of course not," said he.

"What do you mean?"

"The hotel manager has been persuaded to do you a favor. He did not send the passport to the police. Consequently there is no Moscow visé on it. Thus you can leave Russia without the officials knowing you have been in Moscow at all."

"And the price of this favor?" I asked.

"Twenty-five roubles," gravely replied the guide.

I never parted with money so gleefully, and I never made an investment that yielded so large a joy dividend as did the \$8.33 with which I purchased immunity from the dreams of detention, arrest, conviction and Siberian exile which had haunted me for two days and nights.

My twenty-four-hour hotel accommodations in Moscow, by the way, offered an amusing contrast. When I arrived, the hotel was full, a very common condition now in Petrograd and Moscow hotels, since each city shelters so many more inhabitants than in peace times, because of the many refugees from Poland and other parts of Russia. The proprietor apologetically consigned me to

the only available apartment, a small public bathroom on the second floor, costing four roubles per day. Here a cot was made up and I got what rest I could in the narrow quarters, feeling a good deal like a belated arrival at a White Mountain hotel in the month of August.

From even this humble boudoir I was roused at the crack of dawn the next day. So I sought out my guide and again told him my troubles and mentioned my roubles. (I was beginning to learn that in Russia a rouble will nearly always knock the "T" out of Trouble.) That evening I was informed by the manager that another, and more commodious, chamber craved my presence. Whereupon I was ushered to the most select portion of the house, where, with a flourish, the manager opened a door and followed me into a most sumptuous drawing-room, crowded with Louis XVI furniture, a piano, elaborate chandeliers, and all the luxuries of a millionaire. From it opened a bedroom with two magnificent beds and other equally gorgeous furnishings, and a large bathroom.

"Whose is this?" I asked.

"This is the apartment of state, occupied last night by his Royal Highness, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, brother of the Czar," said the manager.

My rapid promotion from public bathroom to ducal suite took my breath away.

"And the price?" I asked, after I had got my second wind.

"One hundred roubles a day, m'sieur."

I felt like asking him the rate per hour, as more in keeping with my purse, but refrained. However, I engaged the apartment for the minimum period — one day. I suppose a Yankee siesta on the couch of a real grand duke is worth \$35.

On November 29th I left Petrograd for Stockholm, traveling the same route by which I had come. As it is positively forbidden to take any writing out of the country, even blank paper, I had to leave behind every scrap of writing, including my travel notes. Again I had the pleasure of my good friend Oye's company. Along the line we underwent the same examination and inspections. But as before, my luggage received only the most casual attention. I had great good fortune, it would seem, for again several of my fellow passengers failed to pass the barrier and were sent back to Petrograd.

At Tornea, arriving at two in the afternoon, we found it pitch black and hailing. The river was frozen solid, and the crossing had to be made on sledges drawn by reindeer. When I got to Haparanda and once more stepped on Swedish soil, I had a feeling of distinct relief. I was out of a belligerent, and in a neutral nation. Yet I have never had more kindly or courteous treatment in any land than I received in Russia. I used to think the French were unsurpassed in courtesy — this especially impressed me during the two trips I have made to their country since the war began — but the Russians I found in this respect quite their equals.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Petrograd — "Kwass" Displaces Vodka — Food Shortage Acute
— Religious Fervor of the Russian Soldier.

DURING the three weeks that I was in Russia — from November 11th to December 1st, 1916 — I had abundant opportunity to look about in Petrograd and Moscow, talk with residents and have the daily newspapers read to me by an interpreter. As a result of these observations, I arrived at three conclusions: first, that the Russian masses were completely emancipated from the tyranny of King Alcohol; second, that they were enduring real hardships from the scarcity and high price of clothing and foodstuffs; and third, that in spite of these hardships they were absolutely united in an unshakable determination to continue the war until they had won a decisive victory over Germany.

As to the first observation: I had no sooner crossed the frontier than I began to realize that Russia had changed over night from a besotted, brain-fogged nation to one of sobriety and thoughtfulness and self-respect. In place of the infamous vodka, that we used to hear so much about, a harmless beverage called "kwass" — made from fermented bread and tasting something like cider — was everywhere being dispensed. The result of



CAPTURED GERMAN CANNON, PETROGRAD



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CROWDS ON THE NEVSKY PROSPECT, PETROGRAD, WHEN IT BECAME
KNOWN THAT ENGLAND HAD DECLARED WAR ON GERMANY

this change is especially evident on holidays, of which there are thirty or more in the Russian calendar, besides Sundays, which are observed like holidays. Formerly it was inconceivable that any one could have a good time unless he celebrated a holiday by getting drunk. On such occasions, I was told, the streets of Petrograd and Moscow were almost literally filled with victims who had fallen in the gutters, unconscious from drink. The police never disturbed them, simply pushing them over close enough to the curb to prevent their being run over by the traffic.

In a few of the most expensive city hotels intoxicants could still occasionally be had, but at such a prohibitive price that no one ventured to indulge. At Moscow my head waiter asked me if I wanted anything alcoholic. Out of curiosity I asked the prices, and found that a pint of vodka would cost me \$20. Before prohibition was decreed it wouldn't have cost me twenty-five cents. During my entire stay I saw absolutely no one under the influence of liquor, from the padded "ishvorshik," or droshky driver, to the European visitor. And everybody, apparently, was delighted at the new sensation. All over Russia the black bottle had ceased to gurgle, and the samovar simmered in its stead.

Of course when prohibition went into effect suddenly, almost without warning, many of the older inebriates died because of the cutting off of their favorite tippie. But by the time I reached Russia they had been eliminated, and the rest of the populace were quaffing their

"kwass" and sipping their tea as contentedly as American college girls devouring chocolate sundaes.

The necessities of life, food and clothing I found expensive and scarce. Everywhere in Petrograd and Moscow bread lines, eloquent of want, stretched themselves from shop door to street corner. In these telltale chains of privation the human links were mostly girls and women. Scantly clad, bareheaded, they assembled long before seven o'clock in the morning, each patiently awaiting her turn, in the gloom and the fog, to get the meagre day's allotment of bread. Poor Ivan's H. C. L. was so high that it towered above ours like a Russian wolfhound above a Yankee lapdog. I paid eighteen cents for a small glass of milk in an inexpensive restaurant — three times the former charge.

As for luxuries, their prices were prohibitive. At the "zakuska" counter in my hotel, the Hotel de l'Europe, craving some fruit, I bought a fine-looking pear and paid seventy cents for it. And when I bit into it, it was rotten to the core! Another evening I wanted to give my friends some real Yankee lemonade, so I ordered up a dozen lemons and we had a treat. When I got the bill I discovered the twelve lemons stood me just \$3.50. After that I worried along on city water and an occasional glass of red or yellow "kwass." My table d'hôte dinner, including kwass and a modest tip, cost me \$3.00. If I wanted oysters, I was served a plate containing ten, for which the charge was \$1.75. There were three days only on which beef or mutton might be

eaten, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. But on other days one could procure chicken, or a native partridge common to the Russian forests, which is excellent eating.

Whenever I lunched outside the hotel, with only a Russian bill of fare before me, my only chance to get nourishment was by shouting "ham-and-eggs." Even an ivory-topped Muscovite could understand that. But before I got out of the country I was "on the outs" with the whole Ham family, and could scarcely look an egg in the face!

Although there were no food riots such as are reported from Germany and Austria, I know there was real suffering. One day, at the hotel door, I saw a pale young woman, not over twenty, with a baby in her arms, watching the passers-by with a wan, wistful look. She made no movement and uttered no word that could be construed as begging. I gave her a rouble. The look of joy and relief that lit her face as she thanked me and rushed off toward a bread shop told me that I couldn't have made a better investment.

That the Russian soldiers and the Russian peasants — three quarters of the entire population — are determined to wage war against Germany until victorious, and positively will not "stand for" any sort of a peace not shared by their allies, was proved to me in many ways. The newspapers continually harped on the situation and advocated a persistent campaign until German militarism was stamped out forever. Again, time after time, I saw whole regiments on the march through the city stop in

front of some church, bare their heads, kneel on the dirty pavement and spend five minutes or more in devotional exercises. Then rising, they would resume their march, while from a thousand throats ascended the stirring refrain of the national hymn, "*Bozhe Czarya Khrani!*" (God save the Czar.)

I asked a prominent Russian official what would happen if Petrograd should succeed in "putting over" a separate peace with Germany. Said he: "If the bureaucrats of Russia made a separate peace, it would never get beyond Petrograd. The Russian army to a man would ignore it. The millions under arms would keep on fighting. You see, the Japanese war was different from this one. That happened in our back yard, and the nation as a whole was little concerned. This one is at our front door."



LEFT: SOUVENIR OF CHARITY BAZAAR, PETROGRAD, UNDER AUSPICES
OF THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA

RIGHT: RUSSIAN WAR POSTER, ADVERTISING A 5½ PER CENT WAR LOAN



THE TAURIDA PALACE, PETROGRAD, MEETING-PLACE OF THE DUMA

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Petrograd — Eighteen Millions Under Arms — Two Million Refugees in Two Cities — The Perils of Speaking German.

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of Petrograd and Moscow was heard the tramp of soldier feet, and great drill grounds were everywhere alive with movement and melody. On the Champs de Mars I saw an elaborate arrangement of barbed wire entanglements, trenches, and all the paraphernalia of real war, which greatly aided the officers in their work of turning peasant farmers into human fighting machines. The Russians, by the way, are the most magnificent physical specimens I ever saw in uniform. In this respect none of the other belligerents could touch them.

The total number called to the colors in Russia, it was learned from a veracious source, was 18,000,000. The estimate is one soldier to every ten persons, and is based on the Russian population of 180,000,000.

At the time of my visit Russia was housing and feeding not less than 2,000,000 German and Austrian prisoners. The American Ambassador, the official representative of these two powers, had to employ a staff of observers who visited the concentration camps and reported on the condition of the interned men. So far as I could

learn, it was good. In Moscow I saw large numbers of newly captured prisoners being marched through the streets, on their way to Siberia.

The traveler who doesn't engage rooms in advance of arrival is foolish, as I learned to my sorrow at Moscow. I had been wiser in going to Petrograd, for I had telegraphed from Stockholm for mine. When we got to Petrograd I discovered that an Englishman and his wife hadn't engaged theirs, but they declared, on our arrival at midnight, that they expected no trouble. The next day I learned that they had tramped all over the city, vainly seeking shelter, and finally had to come back to the Hotel de l'Europe, where they begged for the privilege of sitting in the office chairs until morning.

The Russians were suspicious of everything German — even German names. My guide in Petrograd was an elderly man, German born, by the name of Lentz. He had lived in Russia twenty-five years, was a naturalized Russian citizen, and married to a native-born Russian woman. But in spite of his proved and well known loyalty, he wouldn't go with me to the frontier, refusing twenty-five roubles a day and expenses. He told me the last time he went to Tornea with a tourist they didn't know him there, and on account of his German name and his accent he was detained for five days, practically a prisoner, before he could procure affidavits and secure his release. One day, while he was with me, he spoke a few words in German to the hotel porter. A "gumshoed" sleuth standing near reported him to the police

and it was only with the utmost difficulty that he escaped punishment.

The weather this time of the year was abominable, the sun being above the horizon only three or four hours. While I was in Petrograd I never saw it once. Though there was no snow here, it was rainy and foggy all the time. Sleet added to the discomfort. With such long nights, the people are naturally great patrons of amusements. Hundreds of moving picture houses were in full blast, and the theatres were packed nightly. The cabarets, where one might dine and watch the dancing, were a great drawing card.

With the fog pouring in from the Baltic, I trudged out one Sunday night, thinking I would attend the Grand Ballet, which enjoys the patronage of the court and royal family, particularly Princess Olga. A famous, but middle-aged dancer, an old favorite of the Czar, was scheduled to perform. I couldn't get a ticket, at least not unless I was willing to pay a king's ransom for it. The speculators had bought out the house and were asking fabulous prices. I got hold of one fellow who had a single seat. I asked the price: "One hundred and thirty-five roubles."

I made a mental calculation. Forty-four dollars! "I'll give you a hundred," I plunged.

"No, I'll not take a cent less than one hundred and thirty-five," he insisted. I didn't attend. An eighth row view of an ancient royal favorite isn't worth forty-four dollars of any one's money.

I have already spoken of the universally kind and courteous treatment which the Russians accorded me. Officials, hotel people, traveling companions, and chance acquaintances everywhere were considerate. Nor do I believe the reports of the corruption of officials, as far as aliens getting concessions are concerned. I met Mr. Meserve, who heads the National City Bank of New York's organization in Russia. He said he had just got his charter — the first American bank to be so honored — and that he had had no trouble whatever, that bribery was unnecessary, and so far as he could learn, unknown.

“Be straightforward with the Russians and they'll always give you a square deal,” he said. “And, by the way, there's a wonderful opportunity here now for American business men. They're even more popular than the English. And they ought to get a hustle on and capture the enormous trade formerly held by Germany.”

CHAPTER NINETEEN

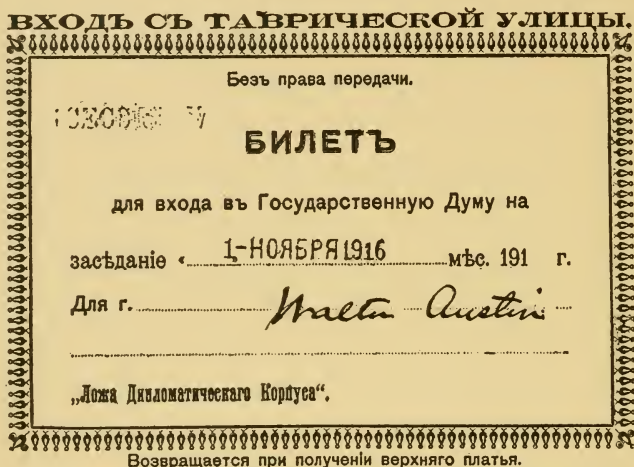
The Duma in Session — "Vox Populi" at Close Range — The Hated Ministers Attend and Hear Themselves Condemned.

IN the soft half-light of a large, low-ceilinged room of a one-storied stone building in Petrograd, on the afternoon of Tuesday, November 14, 1916, I witnessed the opening session of the Duma. It was through the courtesy of Ambassador Francis that I was enabled to be present, and through the assistance of a competent interpreter that I understood what was going on. I had the honor of sitting in the gallery at the Ambassador's right. On the other side of me was an attaché, Mr. Vesey, who knew Russian as a Londoner knows Cockney. There were in our party two other Americans — Mr. Basil Miles and Professor Emery.

Eight months had elapsed since the delegates of the Duma had last convened; eight months since the Czar, alarmed by the vigor of its opposition and exercising the royal prerogative, had summarily prorogued the session.

Smarting under the punishment, but loyal to the Little Father, the four hundred and fifty delegates had dispersed to their homes. Without violence or overt resentment, they scattered to address themselves afresh to the task in hand, to win the war — some to the fields, some to the workshops, some to the trenches.

But eight months of even the most arduous physical endeavors, eight months of exacting and exhausting service, eight months of sustained faith in God and country, could not close their ears to the whisperings of scandal, filtering down from the seats of the mighty, or inhibit



THE AUTHOR'S OFFICIAL PASS TO THE DUMA

their minds from a consciousness of corruption among those high in authority.

As all the world knows, the Russian is deeply religious. The Czar is his spiritual father. The war is holy. And yet while faith, to the Russian as to the rest of us, is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," it is straining the figure a bit when a crooked bureau chief ships to the front tons of

boxes that are labelled "Munitions," but are filled with sawdust and old shoes. And it is insulting even peasant credulity to shunt a soldier off to the front and assure him that his wife and babes will be taken good care of on four roubles each a month, when that same soldier knows that in Petrograd milk is selling as high as forty kopecks a glass!

Naturally, during these eight momentous months, the Russian peasant, at home and at the front, had been "doing a lot o' thinking." Echoes of his opinion, based on what he had seen, heard or suspected, now and then cropped out in the newspapers — nothing menacingly definite, of course — the censor attended to all that — but between the lines there ran the mistful, wistful yearnings of a people dumb, but defiant; muzzled, but mutinous. One might read such phrases as these, from the Moscow *Russkiya Vedomosti*: "A crisis that touches the whole life of the Empire . . . the crisis in obtaining supplies, the experiments in remedying the situation, the present status of foreign policies, the new limitations of the press, dark rumors and dark facts . . . foretell a collision between the interests of the country and the present system of government, which does not believe in the same measures as do the people. Only a public-spirited and responsible Ministry will be able to shield the Empire from the precipice." And on the morning of November 14th my copy of the Petrograd *Vechnie Vremia* told me: "These rumors create an unpleasant and sickly atmosphere, which is not at all helpful in

calming down the passions. . . . A great many painful subjects have to be considered at today's re-convening of the Duma which the country is awaiting with anxiety."

This was as far as the press could go. It was as far as oral discussion could go. For Russia is emphatically a land of contrasts and contradictions. On one hand, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, are absolutely unknown. One may not speak with freedom of the doings of certain powerful court leaders, even in casual conversation with a friend. And the newspapers are in the grip of a censorship as uncompromising as Russian autocracy and militarism can make it.

On the other hand there is the Duma. Here autocracy and bureaucracy have no voice. None but the Czar, and he only by prorogation, can coerce it. Here, and here alone in all Russia, does "Vox Populi" find sanctuary. Is it any wonder that here, properly provoked, popular discontent goes to the wildest lengths of expression? Remove an eight-months gag from the mouth of any victim, and he is liable to speak somewhat loudly and very much to the point. The net result is a situation unparalleled by any nation in the world. Outside the Duma you may not mention even the name of the court favorite. Under its protecting aegis you may not only "bawl him out" by name, but accuse him of the most treasonable crimes. Elsewhere in Russia the fear of "lèse-majesté" padlocks your tongue. In the Duma the unfettered member may revel in an unlimited license to criticize, yea, even defame, every Minister of State.

Only the Czar himself, the head of the Church, is immune.

After brooding over their wrongs for eight months, one hundred and eighty million Russians, through their chosen representatives, were about to make vocal their grievances, when on that gray and gloomy November afternoon I wended my way to the low stone structure wherein was scheduled to open the fifth session of the Duma since war was declared.

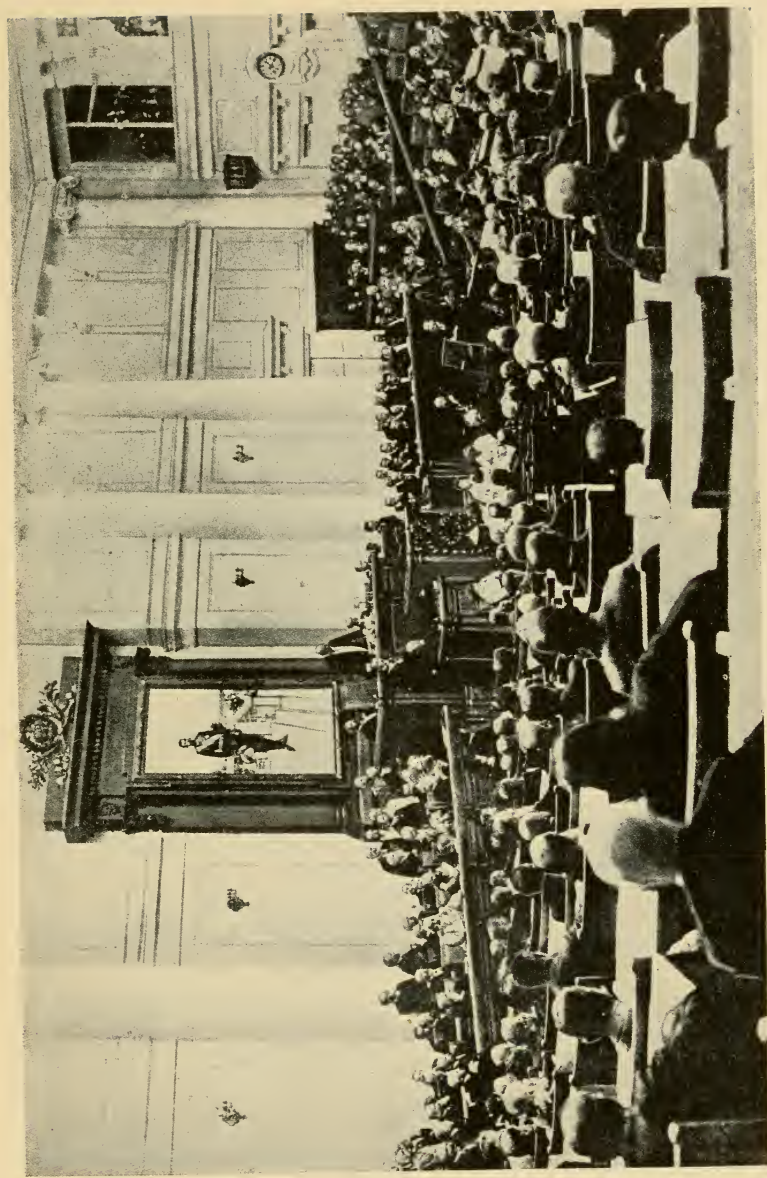
In the spacious lobby I came upon the religious ceremony that precedes each formal convening of the Duma. About three hundred delegates stood with bared heads, while priests and acolytes of the Greek Church — long-haired, bushy-bearded, impressively cloaked — intoned in deep voice the ritual, swung the censers, and chanted the deep antiphonals. Now and then a devout delegate would drop to his knees on the stone floor and cross himself vigorously. Every worshipper was intent on the business in hand. In every face I could read veneration; in some, an expression of mundane humility; in a few, the light of a spiritual transfiguration. True believers, these, who would preface their philippics with their prayers!

The services over, I repaired to the visitors' gallery, where I found my allotted seat. Around me were disposed members of the Russian court and nobility and the ambassadors from allied and neutral powers, with their suites and families. On the floor the delegates were finding their places at the little chair-and-desk stations,

arranged in concentric half-circles about the Speaker's platform. To the left, occupying at least half of the seats, went the country and peasant members, the belted blouse much in evidence. Among them I counted twenty priests of the Greek faith — long hair, vestments, beards and all — and one Roman Catholic, his smooth face and dissimilar garb offering a strong contrast. There were several soldiers in uniform, most of them officers, in full dress.

To the right was a metropolitan gathering, showing the frock coats of a city and large town constituency. From these delegates came, as the afternoon wore on, more vigorous demonstrations than from the country members. If, after the bitter attacks of the day, the Ministers had any friends at all, I am confident that they could be found only in the ranks of the less informed and slower-thinking country members. In the cities, where suffering had been acute and painfully visible, the officials responsible for food supplies had won many bitter enemies.

At two o'clock the President of the Duma, Mr. Rodzianko, entered and took the chair, behind which hung a full-length, life-size portrait of the Czar, showing him standing on the balustrade of the Winter Palace. A murmur of half-suppressed amazement swept over the gathering as the Ministers of State, including Premier Stürmer, entered briskly and walked to seats on the President's right. The Ministers of War and of Marine wore full regalia. The astonishment of the delegates



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THE RUSSIAN DUMA IN SESSION

was intense. Such had been the undercurrent of hostility to these men, particularly to the Premier with the German name from the Germanized Baltic provinces, that none dreamed they would dare face their accusers. In fact, that morning's newspapers had stated that they would not be present.

I was interested in studying the face of Boris Stürmer, this Teutonic man of power in the councils of the Russian state. A stolid, thick-set, gray-haired, gray-bearded man, with a short, wide nose, large, close-set ears, and deep, unfathomable eyes, the thoughts and feelings behind his mask-like face were about as easily read as those of the Sphinx. I could only wonder whether he were destined to succumb to the assaults of the aroused millions or to triumph in the interests of the autocratic few.

The President's opening speech was restrained. In formal, graceful fashion he congratulated the Duma upon this opportunity to re-assemble and give utterance to its opinions and suggestions on matters of national and international import. He concluded by saying that this day's session would be devoted to full and frank statements of their views by the leaders of the leading political parties of the nation — the Progressives, the Constitutional Democrats, or Cadets, the Left Octobrists, the Zemstvo Octobrists, the National Progressives, the Central Group, and the Socialists.

Twice only was the applause unusually strong or prolonged. The first time was when, in ringing tones, he asserted, "This war will be fought until German mili-

tarism is utterly destroyed. Until then, let there be no whisper of a separate peace for Russia!" At this the delegates rose to their feet, applauding and "rah-rah-ing" for fully two minutes. The second came a moment later. The Speaker, after a swift look toward the galleries, had said, "I am glad to see the Roumanian Ambassador present," whereupon the members cheered warmly, and then went on, "I am also glad to see the British Ambassador." Immediately ensued the most terrific cheering of the day. Every man on the floor jumped to his feet and did his best to imitate Bedlam. Those in the galleries — nobles, courtiers and all — also rose and added their own din to that of the rest. This demonstration, lasting nearly five minutes, removed from my mind whatever lurking suspicion I might have had that Russia was not in full accord with England.

At the close of the President's speech Premier Stürmer rose abruptly from his seat and left the building. He could see what was coming. The other Ministers remained — for a while.

CHAPTER TWENTY

A Socialist Mentions "Peace" and the Duma Starts an Uproar
— Stürmer Called a Traitor and His Removal Demanded —
Professor Miliukoff — The Voice of the Press not Equal to
the Duma's.

TO the low rostrum immediately before and below him, the President first summoned the representative of the Socialists, a stocky, swarthy, bearded figure in a wrinkled gray suit, whose name was Puropatin and whose home was far away in the Caucasus.

For a Socialist, as America understands the term, Puropatin was mild. It is true that he criticized Stürmer as soon as he began, but in such desultory terms that the delegates soon grew inattentive. Many looked bored; some yawned. The comparative unimportance of his party and his own drab personality aroused little interest. The house was gradually going to sleep, when, all of a sudden, the little man in gray took a step forward, raised his fist and shouted:

"We Socialists demand peace!"

Then something happened. A young fire-eater in a frock coat leaped to his feet, shouting "Never!" Another member repeated the word. Then seemingly the delegates were all on their feet at once, shaking their fists and shouting at the top of their lungs, "Niet, niet!"

(No, no!) "Throw him out!" "Away with him!" The President finally restored order by violently ringing his funny little dinner-bell — which is European for gavel — and the Socialist spokesman was allowed to proceed. Evidently the Dove with the Olive Branch stood about as much show here as she would in an abattoir for squabs.

As spokesman for the Progressives, the most radical of all the Russian parties, M. Tcheidze, a young man of thirty or thirty-five, was next heard. His tall, commanding figure and ringing utterances, delivered without notes, won the closest attention.

"For my party," said he, "I demand a *responsible* Ministry. And to that end we call for the *instant* removal of the present one. On this point we will make no concessions whatever! Premier Stürmer is today a greater enemy to Russia than the Germans themselves. His German name is enough to discredit him with every Russian. He is a 'snake in the grass!'"

This was "freedom of speech" with a vengeance! I couldn't help imagining what would happen to a Congressman, if, with the United States at war, he should venture to talk to the House in terms like these about our Secretary of State.

Tcheidze then turned and faced the Minister of War, sitting stiff and forbidding in his full dress uniform on the platform. Pointing an accusing forefinger, the speaker shouted:

"You, sir, are to blame for the reverses of the army and for their shameful lack of munitions; nor are you

guiltless of the sufferings of the people from the pitiable lack of food supplies!"

This was too much for the War Minister. He shot a withering look at Tcheidze, then rose and with exaggerated dignity left the hall. At his heels trailed the Minister of Marine, who doubtless concluded that he too would make for cover while the going was good!

That there was need of reform I could easily believe. Bread in Petrograd was selling for double the amount asked in peace times; butter was a dollar a pound; firewood sold for five times, and shoes three times peace prices. For an ordinary pair of rubber overshoes, costing less than a dollar at home, I paid \$3.33, and my Norwegian friend, Oye, had to pay \$42 for a pair of shoes worth about \$10 in the United States. Yet with such prices as these the wives and children of soldiers at the front were supposed to subsist on \$1.33 a month for each person! It was a wonder that bread riots were not daily occurrences and that the fires of revolution had not been kindled.

After the departure of the Ministers, M. Tcheidze's remarks became even more bitter. Fed by the repeated bursts of applause, particularly those of the city delegates, his diatribes mounted to extraordinary heights. Finally, while he was in the midst of a scathing denunciation of the bureau chiefs, whom he accused of deliberately starving the populace, President Rodzianko reached down, tapped him on the shoulder, and whispered something in his ear. Without completing his interrupted

sentence, without a single word, the fiery Progressive turned and strode to his seat as if shod with seven-league boots.

Many lesser figures, of milder address, were heard until finally, at six o'clock, came the long heralded and anxiously awaited speech by Professor Paul Miliukoff, leader of the Constitutional Democrats. In this venerable personage, a fine-looking man of about sixty, I recognized the Petrograd editor and polished scholar who lectured in the United States not many years ago. For an hour this intellectual and influential radical held the closest attention of the Duma. For fear they might miss something, many members in the rear surged to the front, crowding the aisles and hanging on his words until the very end. Amid a silence that hurt, he began his address. Like the others, he made his speech an attack upon the Ministers, and in it the misdeeds of Stürmer bulked large. His excoriation of the Premier was even more pointed, more circumstantial than that of M. Tcheidze. But, unlike Tcheidze, he was permitted to continue to the end. He attained the extreme of invective when, speaking slowly and weighing each word carefully, he solemnly declared :

“ Boris Stürmer, Premier of Russia, I here and now do solemnly accuse you of accepting bribes from our common enemy, the German government. And I have in my possession the proofs of your infamy. Treacherously plotting, without the knowledge or consent of the Russian people, without the knowledge or consent of



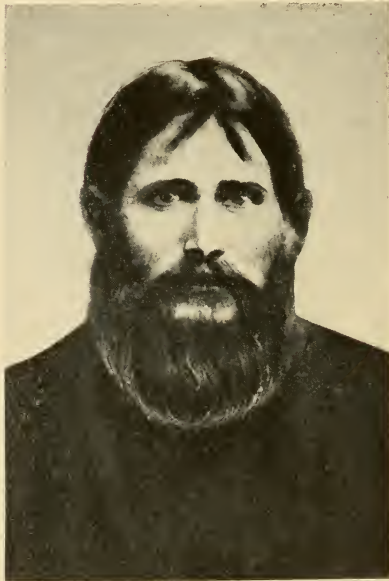
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GREGORY RASPUTIN

our valiant allies, a separate peace with Germany, I dare voice the demand of a united people for your instant removal from office. And this is even less than you deserve. You should be imprisoned."

In other days Miliukoff must inevitably have paid for such boldness with his liberty, if not his life. But that day Russia was at war. Russian soil was held by an invader, whom millions of Russians, now under arms, were called upon to withstand. And lest peradventure these millions and their weapons be turned upon himself, the Czar must perforce give ear to their spokesman. As I listened to Miliukoff's ominous words, I felt that they were more than the words of one man. They were the voice of Russia itself.

Stürmer was not the only scapegoat to be drawn into that seething caldron of incrimination. Several speakers alluded bitterly to "a certain sinister influence at court" or to "a Judas in high places, whose word is law." But when two of the speakers actually mentioned his name — Gregory Rasputin — and I afterward heard his story, I felt that the limit of forensic temerity had been reached.

Once a hermit priest in Siberia, Rasputin won fame as a mystic and worker of miraculous cures which spread far to the west, even to Petrograd and to the imperial palace itself. Hither he was summoned, and before the nation could fairly realize it, he was the owner of two magnificent residences in Petrograd and had constant intimate access to the Czar's family. Here he was now

firmly entrenched, wielding an almost despotic influence over the Czar, the Czarina, and the ladies of the court. He was even credited with being able, through the Emperor, of making and unmaking Ministries.

I talked with a gentleman who had once happened to travel with the favorite to Siberia. He said that on the train his attention was drawn to a party which included a grand duchess and other ladies of the imperial court. Besides two guardsmen, there journeyed with them a rather unclean, greasy man of about forty-five, wearing the garb and the customary long hair and bushy beard of a Russian priest. There was nothing remarkable about him except his eyes, which were exceptionally bright, piercingly black, and of a certain hypnotic power. Their strange companion exercised the greatest authority over the ladies, ordering their food, telling them when and what to eat, joking and laughing, addressing them in the most familiar terms, and at times even embracing them. This was Rasputin, the man of mystery, of power. Yet even his intimacy with the throne could not that day ward off the attacks of an aroused people, whose hatred was boldly voiced by one of the speakers who proclaimed him "the greatest enemy of Russia today."

Of that memorable session of November 14th these are simply the "high lights." Other topics were touched upon, particularly the achievements of the Russian army. Every mention of the defenders of the nation evoked deafening applause. Their bravery, sufferings and aspirations formed the theme of many an encomium.

Plainly, the great heart of the Russian people was in the war and in it to stay, whatever may have been the misgivings or vacillating inclinations of their rulers. And this conviction of mine, gained at the opening of the Duma, was strengthened by daily experience, both in Moscow and in Petrograd.

When, time and again, you saw whole regiments of soldiers pause and kneel on the dirty pavement in front of a church, just to cross themselves and pray, you realized that stronger than the physical and the mental was the spiritual, that to the Russian, War was the handmaiden of Religion, and that his God was a God of Battles. So strong was this feeling that I am confident that, even had Stürmer's separate peace treaty succeeded, it could never have been enforced. The army and the peasantry would have repudiated it absolutely and would have kept on fighting, not only against the avowed enemy, Germany, but against the perfidious Ministers of Russia itself.

There have been momentous results of this session of the Duma. In ten days Stürmer had been deposed and the Ministers of War and Marine censured. Inside of two months Rasputin was murdered. And in four months the Czar lost his throne.

Even that night, as I stepped out into the fog and gloom of Peter's City and threaded my way beneath the brooding domes, I had a feeling that I had been listening to the John Hancocks, the Patrick Henrys and the Benjamin Franklins of a new Russia, that I had heard

the tocsin of a genuinely "New Freedom," and that I had come closer than ever before in my life, probably closer than ever I should again, to momentous history in the making.

Yet in the next day's *Vecherneie Vremia*, the foremost newspaper of Petrograd, looking under the heading, "Echoes of the Session of the Duma," I beheld four columns of blank paper! Whatever was intended to appear there, had been deleted by the censor. But it was not wholly blank. In that sea of white was one wee smudge of printer's ink, which said: "One of the speakers read some verses of Pushkin about Slavonic streams!"

Verily, the way to keep a secret in Russia is to tell it to a newspaper!



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HALL OF DUMA WITH REVOLUTIONISTS IN CONTROL, MARCH, 1917
Note Czar's picture has been cut from frame.

VALEDICTORY

SO far I have no more to relate of war gaddings. My return, all the way from Petrograd (via Copenhagen and the *Oscar II*) to my own house, was uneventful, and much like my journey over, except for lower temperatures and shortened days — so much shortened at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, that Tornea in December has nothing better to call a day than about two hours of twilight.

I felt pretty sure, during all the voyage home, that this was the last of my war wanderings. With the tightening of regulations in all fighting countries, the chances were less every month that a gadabout could see the front, and they wouldn't have me for an ambulance-driver. I wasn't especially anxious to visit, even if I could arrange to do so, Vienna and Rome, the only capitals of the greater belligerent nations which I had not been to. Probably I should receive no impressions from them essentially different from what I had already received in Berlin, Petrograd, Paris and London. And so I told myself that I would now keep out of the War Zone, unless it was extended to the U. S. A. In that case, I shall not have to gad to be in it. If one of the

results of the Great Conflict should be the establishment of a real War Zone in the United States, what part of the country more likely for it than mine — the north-eastern seaboard?

THE END

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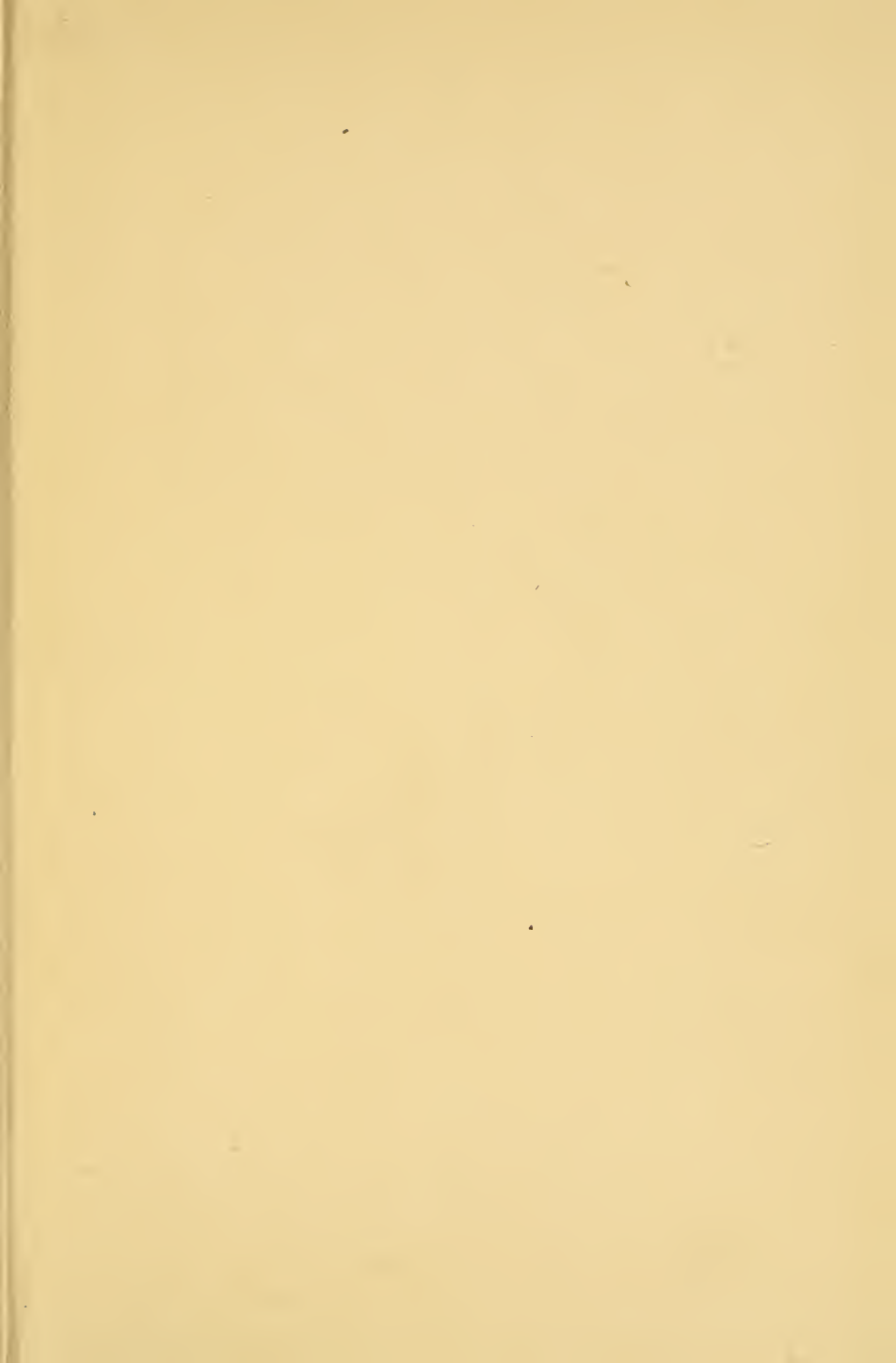
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